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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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Three Poems by Y. L.

VARIATION

THE bees on gilded path fan flaming bushes
And lean with heavy music on each branch,
Or trouble honied pools,
For gold lies carelessly in Spring
And will o' wisps shall ferry it in vain.

And little urchin husks of seed,
Gutted of their hidden light,
Lie like Troy and yet will burn again,
For gold lies carelessly in Spring
And will o' wisps shall ferry it in vain.

Sweet mouths and bended neck,
Men must die before they die
If they are not to die and rot,
For gold lies carelessly in Spring
And will o' wisps shall ferry it in vain.

L'ALIÈNÉE

I SEARCH for lost things like the dead.
 My branch of broken gold is mute,
 Unshaken in the crystal day.
 Where is thy night for I must die ?
 Like me wild birds have curdled space
 And dipped for falling stars.
 Where is thy night for I must die ?
 Dark pools and the bitter trees
 Sing our songs, our whispered music
 In untrod secret ways of earth.
 Where is thy night for I must die ?
 No golden haste, no virgin flute
 To bid me love farewell.
 The ashes fall ; is this my soul
 That fanned the drifting hours
 To flame, and quickened splendour
 Of each sun-crushed noon ?
 Is this my soul, this little grief
 That veins my every treasure ?
 Where is thy night for I must die ?
 O blinded one, could but my terror
 End as beauty ends, unending.

THE THREE TREES

FLIGHT of the sun from three predestined trees :
 Bright seeds enticed by time and stripped
 Of marauding green-throated song
 And deeply meditative ways.
 Themselves a fountain slowly turned to stone-weight
 Stillness, silence of the ending heart-beat.
 And now not even ghosts of singing birds
 Beat wings or quiver in their shade.

They have troubled darkness with their searching,
 So would they burden earth,
 Breeding intolerable thousand ways
 To gather sap that chills the hands of kings.
 Ashes will fall from the unquiet hill
 On the curious feet of the risen dead
 Till men shall grow Alcmæon-wise
 And waken Adam where lemurs stare,
 But the saints will ever, penurious wild,
 Drain worlds, rejoicing in their empty cup.

DODONA'S OAKS WERE STILL

By Patrick MacDonogh

HE told the barmaid he had things to do,
 Such as to find out what we are and why.
 He said, I must have winter in the mountains,
 Spring is no good, nor summer,
 And even autumn carries too much colour.
 I must have winter. Winter's naked line
 Is truth revealed and there's a discipline
 Along the edges of gaunt rocks on frosty nights.
 She said she thought so too,
 And so he left
 Bookshops and music and the sight of friends,
 Good smokeroom laughter starred with epigrams,
 Seven sweet bridges and those bucking trams
 That blunder west through bitter history,—
 And women,
 Perhaps particularly women,
 Climbing like slow white maggots through his thought;
 He left the lot,
 And got him to a shack above the city,
 Lit a white candle to his solitude
 And searched among the images he'd seen
 Of his own self in other minds to find
 Mankind in him.

He hoped to see the whole
 Diverse and complicated world
 Fold up and pack itself into his soul
 The way a walnut's packed.
 The lonely fool,
 Squatting among the heavy mountain shapes,
 Looked on the wet black branches and the red,
 Followed the urgent branches to their tips
 And back again through twig and stem to root,
 Always alone and busy with himself,
 Enquiring if this world of decent men
 Must be hell's kitchen to the end of time,
 Because of that old sin, intolerable pride,
 Strong powers of angels soured by impotence,
 Rebellious godhead working its hot way
 Through tangled veins.
 He cried in pain towards the writhing trees,
 But heard no voice.
 Dodona's oaks were still.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN

By Roy McFadden

THE north lies backward in a fold of time.
 I send you greeting from the singing south
 Where there is sun and still warm lilting laughter.
 I send a twisted bitterness of love,
 A foreign flower in your bleak winter garden.
 I send you greeting from a strange city
 Where speech usurps the place of iron deeds
 And tall moons seek out lovers in the trees
 Bringing no fear, where there is time to love.

But I who walk these places carry anger
 Raising fists in the brain, twisting the eye,
 Sharpening the casual word with bitterness.
 There is no rest from the heart's calvaries,
 No country for the mind still dispossessed.
 A sick Cuchulainn fights his wars alone.

Old city with a young girl's face,
 Your mask is foreign to this naked time,
 Your lazy laughter mocks the living dead.
 Take heed of history, for I have seen
 Such as you broken and swept away
 As the sea smooths the black feet from the sand.
 With all your wisdom, still remember this.

City of light and laughter, parks and trees,
 Proud with the arrogance of history,
 Serene as rainfall on dry summer leaves,
 O I have trembled for you ; but my cry
 Dropped with the gulls into the quiet river
 Floating with sorrow into the widening sea.

I, watching your roof-tops and blue, frozen spires
 By greying windows, or, seated, looking
 Into tree-green waters holding birds
 And hair-gold weeds, mirroring leaves and children,
 Have sought a latent wisdom in it all,
 But have seen nothing more, no, nothing more
 Than the acceptance of an easy lie,
 That some must live and laugh while others die.

You who remember history, recollect
 That history moves like rivers into seas
 Accepting no horizons, that its strands
 Of generous sun and laughing limbs are drowned
 Or spattered white with shipwreck and grey bones.
 This is an island lost in search of time.
 O look for the white gull-sail in the clouds
 And rescue from the fingers of the sea,
 The vengeance of your lie. O seek to die
 The death of one man in a dying city.

The north lies backward over tumbling time,
 Behind slow snaking hills and running fields,
 Uncertain in their humour as a girl.
 I send you greeting in a strange country,

Where only those who love can hope to live,
 Where this grey city raises lighted eyes
 Out to the river and the singing sea,
 Where only those who love can dare to hope,
 Where you crouch black and listening by the hill
 Marked at day by quick white tongues of gulls,
 Where I walk in two cities, raising hands
 Of patient prophecy, fighting a lie.
 I send you greeting in a strange, torn time,
 When only those who love can dare to die,
 When only those who love will never die.

July, 1943.

GHOSTS

By Ethna MacCarthy

A ripple of dust panicked across
 a busy street
 timidly darting through horses' feet,
 and I saw a well-beloved ghost
 walk haltingly up
 to the Provost's house.
 But I was not near
 and in a daze
 watched the dust dwindle and disappear
 and the light grow bleak
 from the muffled skies
 battening down hope
 on my famished eyes.
 What do they seek
 so patiently?
 Have we broken trust
 that they turn away
 and never speak,
 or must
 our parched eyes
 endless aspergillum play
 to lay this cold and lovely dust?

DEATH AT TEA-TIME

By K. Arnold Price

THAT afternoon
when everything stopped at four o'clock
the houses suddenly looked old as fossils
cold in the rigid sunlight transfixed from prehistoric time.

Sound
raved up in spate from College Green,
released from utterance
for there was now no more to be said :
released from laughter
for there would be no more quips.

Faces were floating
blind facades shuttered upon nothingness,
sense and spirit having slipped apart for ever ;

and the dreaming trams went reeling by me
fleeing to their last termini,
for now there would be no going and returning,
no returning at evening with flowers from the mountains,
for all the ragged streamers of roads from Dublin
were blowing out upon a wind of death
to nowhere.

But the cyclists in College Green kept up their mesmeric cycling
moved by a tic of to and fro called living.

And through all that heaving, maggot-seething
 superfluous spume of a city,
 young women in telephone booths were ringing up their lovers
 not knowing that from four o'clock that afternoon
 love had been discontinued.

From "White Water."

"YOU, WHO IN APRIL LAUGHED"

By Brenda Chamberlain

You, who in April laughed, a green god in the sun ;
 Sang in the bowel-rock below me,
 Words unknown, but how familiar-strange
 Your voice and presence. Other quests
 But led to this ; to lie unseen and watch,
 From cloud-ascending rib and slab of stone
 Your downward passage ; greendrake garmented,
 A blade of wheat watered in desolation.

O love in exile now,
 I keep the hill-paths open for you, call
 The shifting screes, warm rock, the corniced snows
 To witness, that no wall
 Precipitous, ice-tongued, shall ever stand
 Between us, though we rot to feed the crow.

IRISH COUNTRY LIFE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

*Being further extracts from the Diary of Sir Vere Hunt, Bart.,
edited by R. Herbert*

COUNTRY INNS.

BRUFF, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1814. Arrived in Bruff at half past one. Fair day there and meet many friends in Bennett's Inn, all in desponding strains, lamenting the decreased value of fat cattle, the best fat cows bringing this day but twelve guineas each. Milch cows high from £18 to £20, pigs tolerably high, sheep low. Set out at two o'clock for Tipperary and meet near Kilballyowen a very fine threshing machine for Decourcy O'Grady. Soon after I had the misfortune to find myself in a crashing machine, for, crash went the front spring of the crazy depository in which I was journeying, and, having extricated myself by a judicious leap-out from the ill-fated vehicle, I perambulated ankle-deep to the aforesaid Bruff, when, then and there arriving, I found the parlor of the Inn occupied by Cork butchers and discontented farmers to whose society I would have unfortunately been consigned for the day but for the hospitality of John Bennett who invited me to his house, where I fared capitally both in board and bed. I was highly pleased at seeing there in a very small square pond opposite his halldoor, duck, mallard, cooter and various other wild fowl in great abundance and perfect tameness, and I was particularly amused by the eccentricities of Standy Bennett who, in his way, is both clever and entertaining, and who told some anecdotes of the sapient Justice Henry Bevan with such colouring and humour as stamps him, in my opinion, a genius. He is about to publish a book of poems, which of course, I will be among the first to have. In bed at eleven and sleep like a top.

Eat a most hearty breakfast, voraciously commixing cold roast beef, eggs, toast, bread and butter and tea. John Bennett sat with me and gave me an account of the proceedings of the county:—the fall of rates, the elopement of tenants, break-up of half-gentlemen, stilling of putteen, disobliging conduct of bankers, security of money and increase of taxes. Sated with

an abundant breakfast and overloaded with his commonplace communications, after putting on a clean shirt, purchasing a pair of spectacles and a pair of sleeve-buttons, I set out at one and arrived at Currah at half past four.

LANESPARK, OCTOBER 13, 1813. Up at eight, after nine hours' confinement with my knees to my chin in a camp-bed, schoolboy-sized, scantily curtained and obliged to make up a sufficiency of covering with the auxiliary box-coat of an unknown rascal who was put into a second bed in the room before I was well asleep. I thought on his first entry he might be a robber, as I had no idea of a male companion being billeted on me, but when, by the glimmering of a solitary coal in a pigmy grate, I perceived the fellow stripping, for he brought no candle, my apprehensions on that subject subsided.

The first lodgment of his habiliments, the aforesaid cloak, was made on the only chair in the room, which was at my bed-foot as a support to the end of the mattress, three feet longer than the bedstead, and which was turned up against the chair. The fellow plunged into bed with a crash that shook the room, and the quivering of the bed-posts and creaking of the sacking bottom, for at least a minute after he made good his lodgment, bespoke the ponderous qualities of its possessor.

After spending an hour in grunting, groaning, hiccuping and belching, to my great annoyance, a temporary cessation of his noisome and noxious easements was succeeded by a nasal overture, indicative of his being at length in the chains of repose. I then made that gentle seizure of his coat which I had long meditated and, drawing it through the foot curtains, I made myself the more comfortable for the night.

The morning came and displayed a wyatt window with three panes broke, and the sugar-paper substitute for them blown by the storm of the night on the floor. I looked for my companion and found he had gone. I looked for the coat, which was also gone. I looked for my own clothes, and found all was safe. The rascal therefore, was more honest than I expected, or otherwise was afraid of the gallows, which latter construction is, I think, the fairest to be put on him.

I got up, shaved with cold water and a deceitful-looking

glass with so many curls and shades in it, one part of it making my face as round as a buttock of beef, and the other part making it as lank and as sharp as a hatchet; that I wonder how my throat escaped in the operation.

After abusing the house and everything in it, except the interesting waitress, I stepped into a tolerable carriage, to which were hampered a pair of poor unfortunate woe-worn remnants of post-horses. My stage being but three miles, it was judged they had so much work in them, and the last penny was to be taken out of them.

They both, very properly and much to their credit, refused the draft. Whipping, sticking, goading, holloing, bridle-leading, coaxing and every other effort, coercive and conciliating, failed. I insisted on other horses, but the master was evasive and assuring me they were as good horses as any he had, if once they were warmed, and that they had earned him more money than all the horses in his stable. The next animal to him looked as if he understood him, and a mournful eye was raised as if pleading respite and commiseration for the acknowledged past service. The other animal stood in sullen determination not to move or be moved, but he did not make use of the language of the eyes for, alas, in addition to his other misfortunes, he was stone-blind.

I would not gratify the host at the expense of the poor sufferers, and he was compelled to comply in the ordering-out a pair of better ones, calculated for actual service.

TRAVEL IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, MARCH 14, 1811. Set out from the Pigeon House at one for Dublin with a pair of miserable horses so unequal to drawing the coach that Farrell and Thomas descend from the Dicky, and I get out of the carriage and we walk alongside of it to town. Arrive at two at Moran's Hotel in Sackville Street.

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1813. Arrive at Bruff at ten. No horses at Bennett's Inn. Drive to the other inn and they very obligingly give them although they were engaged at the time. Before I got a mile from Bruff, heavy rain came on, to my great joy, both for the benefit of my new nursery as well as for the benefit of the county, which never wanted rain more. Arrive in Tipperary

at three. No carriage or horses there, but luckily a Cahir chaise which comes in, agrees to go with me to Cashell and I never in Ireland travelled post in so well appointed a carriage, or so good horses.

. . . Paid my hotel bill off, and set out in a Marlborough Street Post chaise at half past eleven. Arrived at Johnstown at three. The carriages there being as usual rotten and broken-windowed, I had great work in combating the persuasions of waiters, ostlers and drivers, that they were as good as any in Ireland, but I succeeded in getting the Dublin carriage with Johnstown horses on to Monastereven by threatening if they did not make any arrangements to accomodate me, that I would insist on the Dublin carriage going on to Naas. Left Johnstown at half past three. Cross the Curragh while the races are going on, but I don't stop to see them. Arrive at Monastereven at half past six, where I get chicken inferior to crows, bad lamb chops, poisonous port wine, which returning, I got a weak tumbler of punch. Eat a toast with ale.

. . . Awake at three o'clock and remain so, coughing incessantly till six. Then, by the help of the tongs, pull a wire that runs across the ceiling of my bamish-looking room and procure the appearance of a chambermaid who seemed much disappointed at my ordering her to send Thomas to me and to have the carriage brought to the door. I get up and at half past six set out in an excellent carriage to Maryborough, where arriving at eight, I had the misfortune to be transferred to a deal box not more than double the size of a sedan, which Mr. Phelan the innkeeper, insisted was a most capital posting chaise, and that I was the first gentleman that faulted. I was obliged to be satisfied, and on I proceeded, drove to fortune, as the hackney-boy scientifically announced it, until I got to Abbeyleix, where I made him stop on account of my wanting breakfast, and, seeing there some new and capital carriages at an inn lately set up under the patronage of Lord de Vesci, I discharged the lad and sent him back with his Shay, discomfited at his disgrace.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

3RD APRIL, 1811. This morning at four o'clock departed this life, John Leahy, who lived for seventy or eighty years with my

father and me, and who lived as a pensioner with me for the last twenty years. His honesty and fidelity were great, and I sincerely lament the departure of so old, tried and valuable a domestic. Ordered a coffin to be made for him of the old elm-tree, coeval with himself, or rather antecedent to him, which was blown down last winter. Kill a lamb and dine on a forequarter of it, fish &c. Dr. Lee the parish priest of Adare with me. After dinner, he and I go up to Leahy's house, where I give directions for his wake, funeral &c. Lee sleeps here . . .

7TH MAY, 1813. The remainder of this day very unpleasantly passed as the low, base, ignominious, degraded, assuming upstart, Tom Lahy, had the insolence to drive into town in an hack chaise with attachments against me out of the Court of Exchequer for the recovery out of my hands, of a deed of trust which his unfortunate father executed and which he placed in my hands with instructions not to give it to his son . . . I, of course, kept myself the entire day secure from the meditated insult of the upstart blackguard, and, after various fruitless endeavours to obtain his ends from me, he set out at nightfall over the bog-road. Be it remembered as a warning to all my successors how they do acts of kindness to those in whose veins they know ignoble blood flows, that this pretended gentleman was reared and brought up on my estate, and proud to wear my cast cloths, and to dine in my servants' hall, when my upper servants remonstrated against his being permitted into their society. Nay, he was proud to accept of a collection of sixpence a piece made up amongst them to buy him a pair of shoes. After his leaving Currah in 1808, with a pair of large leather breeches of mine, by which he got the name of Thomaus-a-breeste, and with his father's instruments of surveying on his back, he got, as I understand, in charity from Roger Flattery, a carpenter who had worked by contract in New Birmingham, and as recompence for making up accounts for him, Five Guineas. With which, dressing himself up, he trudged to Fermoy, where he became a clerk to a brewer, and, on my return from England in 1811, I found poor ragged Tom, who I had left in Ireland, barelegged, shiftless, penniless and stinking with starvation and itch, an assuming flash and would-be-gentleman.

1813. CHRISTMAS EVE. Wet, dull and dreary, and very unlike the approach of that festival, and of the succeeding holidays

which, in my early life, I so often engaged with pleasure. It is now indeed alteration ! Oh, a wonderful alteration ! Distrust, discontent and dis-affection appear imprinted on the Countenance of all the lower orders, and, instead of coming about their landlords' houses with smiles of gratitude, the sunken eye and downcast look bespeak the conscious horrors of minds perverted to a determined opposition to law and subordination, and who, leagued in conspiracy and combination, look forward only to the annihilation of all order and government, and to the destruction of those who had been, would be, and ought to be, their natural protectors . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY. Gave John Burns and Old Sowney a piece of beef each. No other person deserving of it, or, in fact, came in my way to look for or expect it.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. No wren boys, or any of the youth of the country going about as heretofore in festive jollity. All keeping aloof, and evincing hatred and opposition to their superiors. God help them.

2ND FEBRUARY, 1814. Old Mrs. Cahill, nearly the last of the ancient inhabitants of Currah, is this day approaching her departure from this world. I send wine to support her in her last moments.

3RD. Poor Mrs. Cahill takes her flight to aerial regions. Order according to custom, her last suit for her, *viz.* a wooden surtout. Send whiskey, candles, &c., to her wake.

4TH. Mrs. Cahill this day buried, her family judging she had been long enough a trouble-the-house, and consequently hastened to dispose of her, lest she may revive.

14TH FEBRUARY, 1818. One of the County Tipperary ewes dies this day. Divide the carcase between the McMahons, Robert Farrell and Tom Burns.

TUESDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1813. An Holiday. St. Peter and Paul's day. Compelled the men to work much against their inclination. Father Halpenny the priest, coming to christen Edmond Ryan's child, made a great rout about it, and although I was

convinced on enquiry that the holiday was one usually kept, and would otherwise on so finding it out, have dismissed the men from work, yet the tyrannical and overbearing manner of Sacerdos in his interference between my tenants and me, obliged me rather than yield to him to continue a compulsion which I felt unpleasant in doing.

SATURDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1816. Peter and Paul's day. A Catholic holiday, and, according to James Massy's opinion, the holiday of the most worthy and considerate saints in the calendar, inasmuch as they club the festival between them.

THE TYTHE-PROCTOR.

CURRAH, MONDAY, 5TH OCTOBER, 1813. A travelling draining projector comes here and goes off without imposing on me with his pretended abilities.

Supple, Supple, John Supple, not only storms me with his county charges demand £25. 13, but opens a new battery on me for £1. 6. 4. Church rates of Castletown. Oh! how my heart bleeds at giving away my good money for such purposes. It however, cannot be evaded and I get rid of the tax-gatherer by giving him a check on Bruce for both demands.

OCTOBER 1, 1813. Annoyed by the interruption of the most horrible of duns, a tax or tythe collector, and I suffered double anguish by the visit of Mr. Supple for the barony of Kenry cess, and of Heaten for the Church rates of Adare. The former I put off till Sunday, the latter to the end of the month. Would to God I could put them both off to the day of judgment!

Reynard the Palatine, and lessee to the impropriate tithes of Adare, besieges me with an horrible bill for tithes, claiming about £26. Having this day paid Mr. Croker his tithes or balance of them, I had hoped I would have some temporary respite from sacerdotal harpies and legal depredations, but alas! I am doomed for ever to be a martyr to the imposition and dunment of this class of taxation so truly irritating and obnoxious to my feelings, as well as to the general feelings of this kingdom.

THE SOW-GELDER.

MAY 4, 1815. Annoyed very much this evening by an

itinerant sow-gelder who announces his arrival in town by the uncouth blasts of an abominable horn, to the terror of swine doomed to emasculation, and the disturbance of quiet citizens, retiring to rest at the close of the day.

THE PIPER.

OCTOBER 13, 1813. Set out for Lanespark at five. Find the house new-papered, painted, furnished and in every respect in good condition. The dinner excellent and served in gentleman-like style, good wines and punch. Kerin Fitzpatrick, the famous piper, there with his gig and servant. Had after dinner, a plentiful libation of putteen punch to the melodious notes of Fitzpatrick's pipes. Went to bed at eleven and had the pleasure of hearing the aforesaid Kerin's voice, John Lane having brought up a drunken horserider of the name of Long, and amused himself for two hours in making the intoxicated musician and the whiskified horse-rider vie with each other in whoops, holloos, harks-in-to-cover, &c., until I had thought and hoped their voices and lungs would crack and burst.

GRAND JURY PRESENTMENTS.

CLONMEL, FRIDAY 6. Breakfast with the High Sheriff. Meet there many old friends and acquaintances and some new faces. The Grand Jury sworn at half past ten before the Solicitor-General Bushe. Sat at business all day. Find Bagwell slippery, sly and indisposed to my object of the Bridewell. Dine with the Grand Jury at their mess-dinner kept in the courthouse by Butler, who kept a Commercial Hotel and was broken there. My cousin Vere Hunt of Cappah, a most worthy, steady and sensible fellow sat next me. General Mathew as usual was noisy, vociferous, forward and speechmaking, but on the whole, his nonsense and eccentricity was unusually pleasant and consequently not as usual disgusting and intolerable. Retired at one to my lodgings near the Mail Coach Hotel.

CLONMEL, SATURDAY 7. At the Grand Jury room the entire day. Crown business only going on. The unfortunate Mick Lahy came to me as usual in an happy state of intoxication, and my clerk, Michael Shanahan from New Birmingham, also

came to me. The former looking for the survey of the county, and for money to drink. The former I would not injure my character by recommending him to, the latter I would not lessen my purse by granting to so unfortunate a miscreant. Pay Lahey, another surveyer, solicits me on the same subject and as I consider him steady and deserving, I promise him my vote and support, he promising to give his unfortunate relation employment in the work if he gets it. Dine tete-a-tete with Billy Quin at the Grand Jury mess.

CLONMEL, SUNDAY 8. Set out after breakfast with Major Prendergast to inspect the House of Industry so as to report the state of it to the Grand Jury. Found it kept in the highest and best order. In the female vagrant ward were fifteen or sixteen young women who were confined for extreme and profuse generosity of those charms with which nature had blessed them, and for that injudicious distribution of their favours at unseasonable hours in the streets, alleys and byelanes, thereby annoying by their midnight orgies, the quiet domestic sleeper, and encouraging and promoting revels which frequently terminated in broken heads, robberies, riots and murders.

Having left them, the next ward we visited was that of old women—the contrast was great, no heads hanging down and wanton eyes looking up, no glowing blushes pervading the face and rushing down to the breast, no apparent perturbations or visible signs of youthful bodies bursting with wild desires. The case was different. Here was the ancient dame whose placid countenance showed her resignation to a fate different to what was allotted to her, yet evincing her gratitude for the comforts thus provided for her. The clean wiped spectacles guiding her declining eye to a prayer-book, probably the gift of an affectionate long-lost husband, showed that religion alone now possessed her thoughts. There sat an elderly dame with milk-white hair smoothly rolled over a wrinkled front, equally resigned, and combing with affection and interest an ancient cat, whose purring gratitude bespoke him to be an old and favoured friend, and probably a companion of her better days. A merry cranky little body hobbled about with the assistance of a demi-crutch, chattered inquisitively with us about the times, the wars, Buonaparte, Wellington &c., seemed to know every one and every thing—

must have been a coquette in early life, a gossiping notable in middle life, and is now, in old age, the bustling and enlivening chronicle of the left ward of the Clonmel House of Industry. I gave her an English paper, and was pleased to be able to give what she so highly prized. An ancient toothless dame, full six feet high, all bones, no flesh, nor appearance of juice except the sable oozings from an eagle-shaped, needle-topped nose, and from each side of which issued a regular mustachio of okered liquid, which, lodging in the furrowed cheek, formed a serpentine crusted drill, accosted me with "Sir, I believe you take snuff." She was perfectly right, and I, whipping out my box, emptied the contents of it (save two pinches to bring me home) into a ram's horn mounted with brass which she drew from her bosom. She instantly charged her nostrils with the bewitching gift, and I left her in a state of gratified happiness.

To continue a description of all the dames of this place would take more than the reasonable limits of a diary, so I shall leave them to rest, resignation and religion.

PERSONAL AFFAIRS.

JANUARY 1, 1814. This year commences with brighter prospects than any year within my recollection. Our precarious and insecure state since the boundless ambition and successes of the tyrant and usurper Buonaparte determined him on the ultimate annihilation of our empire, is now, by the blessing of Providence and the bravery and perseverance of the allied powers of Europe, approaching to that basis of stability as may give us reasonable hopes of enjoying peace once more, and with it, that secure tenure of life and property, which for the last eighteen years, were held on very uncertain security.

I have, thank God, also no cause to fear any diminution of comfort or happiness in my own personal situation, or that of my family, for the approaching year. My income has rather increased than diminished; my debts have diminished and not increased; I am troubled by no duns, am defendant to no suit, have money in the house, some in the Bank of Limerick, and on

the whole, am prepared to meet every proper expence and every call which can or may occur or be made on me. I am in daily expectation of being made farther independent by a suitable arrangement for the loss of my office of Weighmaster of Cork which ceased last July, and for which the Government are at present in assurance to me of immediate and adequate restitution.

My colliery in the County of Tipperary is reported to me to be in that promising state as to give me good grounds to hope therefrom a considerable increase to my income. I have a fat cow and sheep to kill when I please. I have wine and spirits in my cellar, hay, oats, wheat and barley in my haggard, turf stacked for the year, my servants wages paid, and no tradesmen or shop-keepers' bills. I am in peace and harmony with all my neighbours. I am in happiness with my wife, my son and daughter-in-law, seeing with pleasure in their little babies, a rising and increasing generation. Have two nieces who I reared as daughters grown up promising, dutiful and affectionate, and with such a family about me, must I not feel happy on the commencement of the year.

18TH MARCH, 1816. Remove everything from the old to the new cellar, and a most disgraceful stock it was for a baronet's cellar, once well furnished, and into which in former days, two pipes of port were often put in together, two hogsheads of claret brought together, and varieties of whitewines' &c. Thanks to the French Revolution and to Warlike ministers who have now taxed wines to nearly a prohibition, and taught the aristocracy of the country to drink putteen. To commemorate them I shall record my stock:—10 bottles of claret, 1 of Methylin, 4 of Hock, 2 of Madeira, 20 of Barsac and Hermitage, 3 dozen of vinegar and 4 dozen of cyder. Send to Rathkeale for a quarter of mutton, no sheep being now *here* but six cull ewes in lamb and a kerry horned gale. Such is the remnant of a fine flock, lost by the mange and the neglect and indolence of my servants.

Send off Conway on the mule to Limerick with another letter to the unaccommodating Mr. Crips—to endeavour to mollify the rascal into compliance. Write to Richard Taylor that I will pay him before March 2nd., and to Tom Westropp that I will pay him in a week. After dinner sleep four hours, overcome by eating and vexation.

BIRTH OF AUBREY DE VERE.

10TH JANUARY, 1814. Frost increasing, but weather delightful. Pigeons, rooks, robins, sparrows, magpies, blackbirds, thrushes and water-wagtails in affectionate intimacy crowding about the house for hospitable consideration of potatoe-skins, oats, barley, breadcrumbs and offals. Gratified the humanity of my disposition in feeding them. This morning at half past one, our dear Mary was happily delivered of a fine boy after an illness of only one hour. Kit was sent off to Rathkeale for that paragon of midwives, Mrs. Flin, but Providence, aided and assisted by Kitty and Mrs. Gamble, was good, and before the arrival of the lady doctor, a little Aubrey travelled into this wicked world, who I pray God may live long, be healthy, happy and equal to his father in disposition, talent and goodness.

As I am now in a praying mood, I must not omit to supplicate a continuance of my own life until, at all events, I see the children and grandchildren of this new comer happily settled in life—God grant it.

MEMORABILIA. The last bottle of an hogshead of spirits, of which the first washed Stephen on his birth, this day washed the infant Aubrey.

THE BLACK MARE

By Edward Sheehy

MICHAEL FARDY CULLEN wasn't drunk when he saw the mare. He was just in the cheerful state of a man who's had six pints running on an empty stomach following the sale of two bullocks and a springer for the tidy sum of thirty-seven pounds. Anyhow, he decided afterwards that even if he'd been cold sober it wouldn't have made any difference.

Her coat was black and glossy ; she had three white stockings and a white star on her forehead. In spite of the patched and shabby winkers he could see that she had a fine head, small, with lively pointed ears and a greyey velvet muzzle. He loved looking

at her, appraising the depth of her chest and the cleanness of her legs and wondering what she was doing here, tied by a rope reins to a ring in the wall behind Sheridan's pub. A little way down the lane stood a gaudy tinkers' caravan from behind which came the sound of snarling, quarrelling voices, a man's and a woman's. Maybe the tinkers owned her; if they did, God help her.

He looked at the mare again and saw that the reins had become looped around her off foreleg. He was on the point of setting it to rights when two tinkers came out from behind the caravan followed by an oldish striall of a woman who seemed to be dancing mad with rage at them. When they took no notice of her it only provoked her further. Just as the two were within half a dozen paces of Michael Fardy and the mare she darted to one side, picked up a stone the size of a man's fist and hurled it after them. The pair scattered and ducked, and the stone struck the wall right in front of the mare's nose. The mare snorted in fright; she reared and backed. As she came down the tightened reins tripped her and flung her over on her side. The tinkers ran back towards the caravan leaving the mare as she was with the mouth nearly torn out of her. Michael Fardy with pity for her rushed forward and started tearing at the knot; but it was so hard with the strain of the mare's fall that it wouldn't yield to his fingers. He thought of the clasp-knife in his pocket. He had it in his hand with the blade open when one of the tinkers rushed up with his mouth full of curses asking him did he want to destroy a beautiful bit of rope for the want of a little patience. He shouldered Michael Fardy to one side and started working on the knot himself, saying to the other:

"That'll cool her now, Nailer. She wanted that. She's ruined with idleness and good-feeding—that one is."

"I was afeared she might hurt herself," Michael Fardy said apologetically.

"Divil a fear of that one," the tinker said. He was a short stocky fellow with the small cruel eyes of a pig and a wart on his left eyelid. The tinker called Nailer was tall, lean and foxy.

"She's a fine mare," Michael Fardy said.

"She's all that," the short fellow said, and, with a savage tug on the bit he jerked the mare to her feet.

"That one has breeding," Nailer said.

"I can see that," Michael Fardy said.

"Now's your chance to pick her up cheap," Nailer said, smiling. His smile was yellow-toothed and without friendliness.

"Yerra, come away out of that, Nailer," the short fellow said. "What'd that poor boy be doing with the finest mare this side of the town of Mallow and she sired by the famous Flying Rocket and the mother of Romping Rosa that won the flapper stakes at the Curragh two years back?"

"What are ye asking for her?" Michael Fardy asked, more out of bravado than anything else.

The short fellow looked straight at him; the eyelid with the wart hung a shade lower than the other giving its owner a look of mocking unbelief.

"Listen here to me, boy," he said, as if he had a secret to confide. "You look to me to be a decent boy so I'll be straight and honest with you, as straight and honest as if you were my own brother. Listen to me now. I'm selling that mare cheap if I can get a buyer for her this day in Castletown. She's nine year old; you can see that for yourself. She was hurt once in the hunting field. There's the scar on her off leg there. But she's as sound on it to-day as ever she was. She'll work under a dray or a trap, plough, harrow or anything you like. She's gentle as a lamb; a child could follow her; ask Nailer there and he'll tell you. And she's selling for ten pound, no more no less. She's selling cheap because I bought her cheap. The man that had her couldn't feed her for the winter and with the gentry in such bad case there's small sale for a classy animal like her. I know a man'd pay three times that for her for a brood mare; but he's in the County Meath and that's a long road. Ten pound, boy, ten pound; and God strike me dead this minute if I'm telling you the word of a lie."

"Show him the action of her," Nailer said, and the short fellow started to trot the mare up and down the lane. She moved well, with an easy and supple grace. Michael Fardy trembled with anxiety as he looked at her. When she came to a standstill again he felt her legs and fetlocks, looked at her teeth, walked around her and looked her over from every angle. He did so more for the effect of the thing than anything else and to gain time. He wanted her, to own her; and ten pounds was cheap. But tinkers could fool you up to your eyes about a horse. Still he couldn't see anything wrong with her.

"I'll give ye eight for her," he said, suddenly forsaking all caution.

The upshot of it all was that Michael Fardy bought the mare for nine pounds with the winkers thrown in, but not the beautiful bit of rope.

II.

It was dark night before he topped Mam-a-Casac and the drink he had taken before leaving the town was wearing off. At one moment he felt like a rapparee riding the black mare out on to the hillcrest. The next he was troubled and nervous; troubled when he thought of what old Pats would say; nervous when the mare shuddered in her muscles and curved away, head up and ears cocked, from a white stone that appeared dimly out of the bogland. He was afraid of her, of the proud spirit he was beginning to sense in her. Would she work? Would she go under a cart and haul home their turf from the bog? The fellow with the wart on his eye said she would; but then he was in a hell-sight too great a hurry to get shut of her. She might be doped; it wouldn't be the first time tinkers doped a horse. Even when she slowed down he hardly dared touch her with the crop; but talked to her coaxingly:

"Ho there, girleen! Come on now, girl!"

Nellie was up by the fire waiting for him when he got in. She put by her darning and started blowing the fire under the kettle.

"You're late," she said.

"Yea," he said.

"How was the fair?"

"Good. I got thirty-seven for the three and I bought a fine mare cheap. You'll see her in the morning. We'll be the envy of them all with her for she's a beautiful beast."

"You had no talk with my father about buying a horse?" she asked.

"Well, what has that to do with it? Don't we need one instead of having to beg the loan of that old garrawn of my brothers every time we want to do a hand's turn? And anyway 'tis none of his business."

"That won't stop his tongue; and you know yourself that if she was the finest out he'd find fault with her, because he had no thought himself of buying a horse."

"Tis time he knew who's master in this house then," he shouted. "Didn't we make a settlement? Didn't we? And a generous one too for the bloody old cripple? Has he any complaint to make on that score?"

"But, Michael Fardy," she answered patiently, "we don't want trouble in the house."

"Then let him mind his soul; the old codger, for he's finished minding my business. Let him have what he's entitled to; but I won't be bothered with the vagaries and the contradictions of an old doting amadawn even if he is your father."

He looked belligerently towards the room door and felt a lot better for having spoken his mind. Nellie made him a strong cup of tea and gave it to him with some griddle-bread by the fire. After that they went up to their room, softly so as not to wake the child. Without talk they undressed and got into bed where neither of them slept for a long time; she because of a dull resentment at his not having brought her back any present from the town; he with nursing his anger against his father-in-law and thinking that he'd have to take up a stand with him now or never.

There was hardly light to see when he opened his eyes. Nellie was shaking him roughly, telling him to listen. He heard the heavy thud of hooves. The mare must have got out. She was moving round the house. Lucky she hadn't taken to the road. Even so her heavy restless hoofbeats made him uneasy. Then he remembered that he had forgotten to water her. He got out of bed and started pulling on his clothes.

When he opened the kitchen door he saw her standing on the little grassy hillock on the other side of the boreen. She stood there, noble and strange, surveying the grey, misty valley below her. God, but she was lovely! It frightened him how lovely she was there against the morning sky. She turned, trotted swingingly down the slope, and, nimbly as a cat, leaped the low stone wall to land on all fours in the boreen. "If she sulks," he thought, "there'll be no catching her." But he had no trouble. When he took her by the forelock she came with him willingly to the well where he hauled out two buckets of water for her.

When he got back to the yard there was old Pats at the door, red-nosed and shivering in the rawness of the morning. Usually he had his breakfast in bed and didn't get up until the day was well aired. "Be the holy!" he muttered, stepping forward, screwing up his watery eyes to peer at Michael Fardy and the mare:

"Wisha, good morrow to your honour," he jeered. "Ah, sure," he went on in mock disappointment, "it's only Michael Fardy that's in it and me thinking 'twas some fine gentleman with his hunter. And what'd you be doing with her, Michael Fardy?"

Michael Fardy was too angry to answer. His father-in-law's jeering always gave him that tightening of the throat and an itch in his hands to take the old cripple by the scruff of the neck . . .

"Ah, wisha," old Pats went on, "sure 'tis the beggar on horseback, a proud seat without a prop. Excuse me asking you, sir. But where did you get the mare, sir?"

"I bought her," Michael Fardy said. "Isn't that enough for you?"

"Ah, I see now. So you're thinking of joining the Edenferry hunt and consorting with the gentry."

"You know damn well we want a horse on the farm."

"Aye, indeed."

"And she's a fine mare," Michael Fardy blustered.

"Aye, that she is. And I suppose you've got grazing and stabling for her at the big house down in Edenferry for 'twould be a pity to see a fine beast famished when she'd eaten every bit of grass off the hill. Or maybe you'd liefer spend a handful of sovereigns on a few loads of hay and a couple of barrels of oats and keep her up in the room. But of course you can't expect to be taken for one of the gentry unless you're prepared to lash the money around."

"Look here now, Pats Byrne," Michael Fardy shouted, "I've had enough of your bloody guff. D'you hear me now? She's staying here and she's working on the farm and I'll feed her all right. And that's my say."

"Oh, have your say, boy, have your say. No one'll begrudge you that. And I suppose now you had a trial of her under a cart and saw her working? Sure, you'd hardly buy her without, a sensible boy like you?"

Michael Fardy didn't answer. Nellie came to the door of the house and called out that the breakfast was ready. He left the mare in the haggard and went in after his father-in-law.

III.

The news spread like wildfire that Michael Fardy had bought a full-blooded hunter of a mare, and in the course of the day the neighbouring men dropped over on one excuse or another. And each one of them walked into the haggard, circled round the mare, eyeing her all over and each one of them with a smile on his puss as if he knew something bloody funny but wasn't going to give it away. And old Pats went on with his litany, telling every one that came how he had a gentleman for a son-in-law whom nothing would do but a sixteen-hand thoroughbred who'd eat as much as an elephant and demand kinder treatment than a Christian. They had a sheaf of stories of this horse and that horse and how tinkers had fooled men up to the eyes. Michael Fardy knew they thought him a fool. She was a fine mare, they admitted, a grand looking mare. And maybe she'd work. But she was a bit big for the country ; the country was too poor to feed the likes of her properly. And if one of them was buying a horse he'd rather a smaller, commoner animal. She'd suit Sam Stockwell, now, down at Edenferry ; or a gentleman somewhere who could afford to keep a hunter.

Michael Fardy knew that they were right ; but all the talk and all the jeering turned him sour and stubborn. When he looked at them, cringing and mean, and looked at the mare, at the clean beauty of her, he didn't set much store by their talk. But he couldn't keep her just as an ornament so he listened to their advice when they told him to have a couple of the lads around when he put her under the cart for the first time. Frankeen Sugrue and Tim Egan, though they agreed with the others about her being too big and too finely bred for the country, were full of admiration for her. Michael Fardy asked them to give him a hand with her the next day.

The morning was bright with sun, but an ice-cold wind blew down from Knocknagarragh and stripped the first leaves from the ash-trees in the haggard. As Michael Fardy put the winkers on

the mare, he nearly prayed to her to take it kindly and put him in the right. He was shivering with fright, even though the mare was as biddable as anyone could ask ; but he couldn't rid himself of a feeling that some terrible power lay hidden in those smooth easy muscles. The others were a bit nervous too and trying not to show it as they took the tackling down from the pegs in the cowhouse with quick jerky movements. Old Pats stood over by the kitchen door with a smile under his wispy, yellow moustache ; he looked to Michael Fardy as if he was wishing for the worst.

She took kindly enough to the tackling, though she looked insulted by it, like a delicate lady forced to wear the clothes of a servant-girl. They wheeled the cart around her a couple of times to get her used to the jangling of the chains and the sound of the iron-shod wheels on the cobbles. She obeyed the hand on the bit when Michael Fardy backed her in between the shafts. She didn't stir while they linked up the traces and the britchin.

"We'll take her up by the village," he said.

"Yea," Frankeen Sugrue said, "but better lead her a bit till she's used to the feel of the cart."

They took up positions, one on either side of her head. Tim Egan stood the length of the reins behind.

"Come on, girl," Michael Fardy said, urging her forward.

She moved across the yard. 'Twas easy to see that she felt it strange by the way she tried to edge sideways. As they reached the rough patch in front of the door the wheels and the chains made an unmerciful clatter. The mare stopped dead. She didn't look wicked ; she just stalled. They urged her and coaxed her but she gave them no heed. Then without warning Tim Egan gave her a touch of the ashplant across the rump. In a second she was like a mad thing. She reared, dragging the reins out of Frankeen's grip and lifting Michael Fardy off the ground. She came down, her hooves crashing hardly an inch from his feet. She dipped her head and flung her heels against the bottom-boards of the cart. The britchin snapped ; the wood splintered.

"Mother of God, she'll be the death of them !" Nellie wailed, and young Jem clinging to her skirts set up a howl fit to wake the dead.

"Hold her ye devils," old Pats croaked, dancing around them as the mare plunged forward dragging the three of them across the yard.

"Shut the gate, you bloody idiot!" Michael Fardy yelled to him so savagely that without a word he hobbled across the yard and got the gate closed just in the mare's nose.

The three of them held her head while old Pats unlinked the traces and the britchin on the side it still held. When they got her out from under the cart she stood there shivering in every muscle but with no sign at all of vice or wickedness.

"You won't get no good out of that one," Frankeen Sugrue said and Tim Egan agreed. The pair of them, at any rate, had had enough of her.

IV.

In bed that night his delight in her beauty was mixed with feelings of fear and helplessness. If she was a common animal he knew he'd be able to tame her. But she wasn't and there was some power in her that bested him. He felt that he had no right to her. It was like the gnawing bitterness of a hopeless love.

She must have got out of the field during the night because once when he woke in the darkness he could hear her hooves on the cobbles of the yard, halting now, then stamping sharply as if she were restless. With ears strained and heart thumping he listened to her moving about. He was afraid and couldn't understand his fear. There was nothing to keep her, no ditch in the place that could hold her from the roads and still she kept nosing round the house, restlessly, as if she were seeking something. There must have been some good reason for selling her so cheap. Maybe she killed a man; maybe once she tore a man with that fierce mouth of hers; maybe she pounded a man to bloody pulp under quick savage hooves. There was nothing he could do but get rid of her . . . and be the laughing-stock of the place and give old Pats something to jeer about till the day of his death.

Morning came and she was standing in the yard, quiet and contented in the sun. 'Old Pats wasn't up and while he and Nellie were at their breakfast she came to the door and stood looking into the kitchen. He could hardly believe it was the same animal that was under the cart the day before. He went over and gave her a crust of bread which she munched contentedly. "It must have been the hullabuloo," he thought, "and old Pats shouting, that frightened her. Maybe if I just try her myself after milking"

He had the idea in his head all the morning. Old Pats had a touch of his rheumatics and would keep to his bed for half the day. But he was afraid when he remembered the wildness of her the day before ; and he was ashamed of his fear. He had bought her and he ought to make the best of his bargain. Even if he couldn't keep her she might at least bring home a few loads of turf while she was in the place. In the end he forced himself to put the winkers on her, promising himself that he'd give up at the first sign from her that she was going to take it badly. He got the collar and hames on her without any trouble ; but when it came to the straddle she was inclined to wheel away from it. He looped the reins through the staple on the door-jamb of the cowhouse ; but when he picked up the straddle and tried to throw it across her back she started with fright, straining wildly on the rein till the door-jamb shook and pieces of rotten thatch began to fall from the cowhouse roof. He dropped the straddle ; but before he could take her by the head she had pulled half a ton of thatch, loose stones and rafters down on top of him.

A cut on the forehead and a few aches in his bones was all he had as a result of the collapse of the cowhouse ; but old Pats couldn't stop talking about the ruin the mare was bringing on them all and the curse on his old age of a son-in-law who was an idiot born, who bought a mad racehorse for good money from a band of tinkers, a lunatic animal that'd be dear if you got her for nothing. But in spite of the wreck of the cowhouse, which was easily mended anyway, Michael Fardy felt easier in his mind. He couldn't keep her now. He gave in to her once and for all.

He had a fortnight to wait for the fair at Dunsorley and in the meantime he couldn't meet a neighbour without being asked how he was getting on with the mare. He knew they were laughing at him behind his back but he held his peace and let them think what they liked. He worked all day digging out the potatoes and pitting them ; opening the drains ; mending the fences between his place and Sugrues. When nobody was around he went and looked at the mare, enjoying the beauty generations of breeding had given her. The gentry had made her like that ; they had bred her for themselves and she belonged to them. It was the same with their women. They didn't have to care about work, in a woman, a horse or a dog. A poor man couldn't marry one of their daughters ; even if she'd have him, she'd eat him up. The

poor man could only marry a drudge who was plain and willing. Looking at her made him feel how tied he was to those half-barren, mountainy fields for a life of endless labour, without adventure, without excitement, without anything of grandeur. The people from the towns drove round in their cars and looked at the hills and said how grand it must be to live in a place like Farranroe. But Michael Fardy cursed the hills, cursed the bleak steep face of Knocknagarragh that meant miles of tramping after sheep through the rock and heath. No man should live in a place like it. He should have gone out into the world, to America, to Australia instead of tying himself down to slavery by marrying Nellie Pats Byrne.

He began to hate the black mare and to be impatient for the day of the fair.

V.

He was up at four and spent almost an hour combing her and rubbing her down. He put on her the saddle and bridle he had borrowed from his brother, and which, till now, had lain hidden under the hay, and set out for Dunsorley in the chill starlight.

He reached Dunsorley good and early and spent the morning riding the mare through the streets of the town. He saw with a certain amount of pride how the people turned their heads to look after him as he guided her in and out among the tethered horses, carts and groups of men intent on a deal. But it was well after nine o'clock before anyone tried to stop him. He was beginning to feel desperate when he heard a call :

"Hi, you on the black mare!"

He turned. A wizened, bandy-legged little man in knee-breeches and leggings was beckoning him. He was talking to a tall gentleman with a moustache at the rate of a mile a minute. As he came near Michael Fardy heard him saying :

"I'll lay half-a-dollar to a fiver it's her, sir."

"Well then, go ahead, Kelly," the gentleman said.

"Are you selling?" Kelly asked.

"Yea, then," Michael Fardy answered, "if I can get a price." He tried to look surly and unwilling.

"What are you asking?"

"Twenty-five pound," Michael Fardy said coolly.

The little fellow laughed, a thin jeering cackle.

"Have a heart," he said. "Twenty-five shillings 'd be more like it. You won't get no twenty-five pound for that broken-down hack."

Michael Fardy looked away, out over the square crowded with horses and carts and people; he looked at the clock on the town hall which said a quarter to ten. He drew gently on the rein and the mare started to turn.

"Hi!" Kelly called, "aren't you in the hell of a hurry?"

"You heard what I said," Michael Fardy said surlily.

The gentleman looked on with an amused smile.

"Bring her over to the fair-field till we see how she moves," Kelly said.

The three of them went to the fair-field and Michael Fardy dismounted. Kelly shortened the stirrups and swung into the saddle. The gentleman and Michael Fardy stood side by side watching while he wheeled her, cantered her and trotted her over the trampled grass. Every eye on the field was turned to watch the fine, gallant mare with Kelly perched like a monkey on her back. The gentleman was delighted with her. You could see that by his face. He didn't have to haggle; Kelly was paid to do that for him. Michael Fardy was sorry now he hadn't asked for more. By all the laws of dealing he'd have to come down from twenty-five. When Kelly brought the mare back the gentleman patted her neck and she nuzzled his coat. She looked like his already, as if he was born to own her.

"I'll tell you what," Kelly said, "the Major here'll give you fifteen for her. That's a lot more than you're likely to get for her these times for she's a long way past her best."

"Twenty-five," Michael Fardy said, "and I'll stick to it."

In the end, after leading the mare away and being called back, after being offered eighteen and sticking out for twenty-two, he sold her for twenty pounds, as they all knew from the start that he would.

A few hours later he bought a cob, a sturdy sorrel gelding for eleven pounds after trying her out in every way that he knew. He left her in the stable yard and went out to have a look round the town and to buy a few things. In Edward Street he ran into Tom Egan, Frankeen's brother, and Pats Simon Danagher from

home. From the amused look on their faces he knew they were thinking about the mare. He asked them in for a drink. In the pub he could feel that they were itching for information but he didn't volunteer any. They talked of this, that and the other and had drunk two rounds of pints before Pats Simon said with a grin :

" Well, Michael Fardy and did you sell her ? "

" The mare, is it ? Sure, I did," Michael Fardy said.

" And did you get any sort of a price for her ? " Tom Egan asked.

" Well," he answered slowly, " if you call a pound and double the money I gave for her a good price, I suppose I did."

" Glory be to God ! " Pats Simon said, " look at that now. Aren't you the clever boyo and they all thinking you was fooled up to the eyes."

" Ah sure that was only old Pats'. Sure I never thought to keep her ; but I knew she was a bargain."

" Begor, you ought to take up dealing," Tom Egan said.

" Two pounds and double your money, be Japers ! " Pats Simon said.

They had several rounds and the praise of Michael Fardy grew with every round. They wouldn't be so quick to laugh at him after this, so they wouldn't. And old Pats'd keep his mouth shut. The drink and the praise nearly made him forget his bitterness in realising that never again in his life would he own anything so beautiful.

TRISTRAM SHANDY AND LOCKE'S ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

By Vivian H. S. Mercier

IT does not require very deep critical insight to perceive that *Tristram Shandy*, by the waywardness of its construction and the capricious manner in which the discussion of one topic leads on to that of another entirely unrelated to it, is an exemplification of the theory of "association of ideas." This theory was first formulated by Locke in his *Essay Concerning*

Human Understanding, but the principle discovered and there stated by him is, of course, fundamental to all human thinking. Therefore any literary work would, if closely enough analysed, provide examples in support of Locke's theory. Walter Whiter was, as far as is known, the first person to apply this theory to literary criticism, in his *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare* (1794).

The case of Sterne is, however, rather different from that of other writers. The present essay will attempt to show, by quotation from *Tristram Shandy* and Locke's *Essay* only, that Sterne was not only familiar with the *Essay*, but was a great admirer of it; that he quotes it more than once without acknowledgment in *Tristram Shandy*, besides referring several times to Locke by name; and that therefore his apparently unconscious "associations of ideas" were in all probability deliberate. In fact, it would hardly be too much to claim that Sterne found the germ for the whole scheme, or lack of scheme, of *Tristram Shandy* in Locke. Making every allowance for Sterne's own temperament and for the eighteenth-century love of digression for its own sake, it is still, I think, fair to say that *Tristram Shandy* would not have been quite the mass of *non sequiturs* which has so often baffled and infuriated readers and critics, if Locke had never written.

Perhaps this is the place to explain what Locke meant by "the association of ideas," because he did not mean exactly what we mean to-day. He was interested only in the faulty association of what are really quite unrelated ideas, and it is to this that he gives the name "association of ideas." The normal sequence of related ideas, which we now loosely refer to as the association of ideas, he preferred to call "the train of ideas." As Whiter puts it:—

In the theory of Mr. Locke, by the term *association* is *not* understood the combination of ideas *naturally* connected with each other . . . On the contrary, it is understood to express the combination of those ideas, which have *no* natural alliance or relation to each other, but which have been united only by chance, or by custom.

The attraction which this theory had for Sterne will be partly explained by the opening sentence of Locke's chapter "Of the Association of Ideas" (Book II, chap. xxxiii). There he says:—

There is scarce any one that does not observe something that seems odd to him, and is in itself really extravagant in the opinions, reasonings, and actions of other men.

Further on he calls this "something" a "sort of madness." If we remember Sterne's preoccupation with the manias and "hobby-horses" of mankind, we can easily understand the fascination which Locke's doctrine possessed for him.

In all, I have found seven references to Locke by name in *Tristram Shandy*. The very first of these references is proof that Sterne was familiar with the theory of the association of ideas. It occurs in the account of Tristram Shandy's begetting (*T.S.* Book I., chap. iv). Lovers of Sterne will remember that Mr. Shandy was accustomed

on the first Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year . . . to wind up a large house-clock, which we had standing on the back-stairs head, with his own hands :—And being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age at the time I have been speaking of,—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concerns to the same period, . . .

There is no need to remind the reader what those "family concerns" were. Now, of this habit of his father's Tristram says :—

It was attended with but one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which I fear I shall carry with me to my grave ; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas, which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,—but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—and *vice versa* :—Which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious Locke, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

Quite apart from its content, this passage, by its mention of Locke and its use of the very phrase "association of ideas," is surely conclusive evidence in support of my thesis in this article. Besides, the spurious anecdote itself is worthy of inclusion among the authentic examples of human eccentricity given by Locke in the chapter in question.

The next reference to Locke is in Book II, chapter ii. Here Sterne asks :—

Pray, Sir, . . . did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding ?

and goes on to call it

a history-book, . . . of what passes in a man's own mind.

. . . He then proceeds, without making it quite clear that he is quoting from Locke, to paraphrase a section from Locke's chapter (Book II, chap. xxix) "Of Clear and Obscure, Distinct and Confused Ideas." Locke compares "the organs or faculties of perception" to sealing-wax, as does Sterne, but the latter characteristically drags in Dolly the chamber-maid to help his illustration. The passages, especially Sterne's paraphrase, are too lengthy to quote in full, but I shall give one sentence of Locke and show how Sterne, while citing it almost *verbatim*, pads it out a good deal. First, Locke :—

The causes of obscurity, in simple ideas, seem to be either dull organs, or very slight and transient impressions made by the objects, or else a weakness in the memory not able to retain them as received.

Then Sterne :—

. . . it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion, in the mind of a man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects, when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.

This is not quite plagiarism, since the reference to Locke's *Essay*, in the paragraph immediately above, at least *implies* indebtedness. Sterne, however, was not a bit afraid to plagiarise, as John Ferriar has shown in his *Illustrations of Sterne*. Ferriar is particularly good on Sterne's use of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but does not mention his debt to Locke at all.

I don't propose, in this short essay, to quote *all* Sterne's references to Locke, or to point out *all* the passages which may or may not be borrowed from the *Essay*; but there are one or two quite lengthy episodes in *Tristram Shandy* which cannot be properly understood without reference to Locke. For instance, chapters xviii, xix, and xx of Book III. Here, Mr. Shandy comments upon the fact that the preceding two hours and ten minutes—as recorded by his watch—seem almost an age to him, and he does not know how this happens.

Though my father said, 'he knew not how it happened,'—yet he knew very well how it happened;—and at the instant he spoke it, was pre-determined in his mind to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphysical dissertation upon the subject of duration and its simple modes, in order to show my uncle Toby by what mechanism and mensurations in the brain it came to pass, that the rapid successions

of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of the discourse from one thing to another, since Dr. Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out so short a period to so inconceivable an extent.—‘I know not how it happens—cried my father,—but it seems an age.’
—‘Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle Toby, to the succession of our ideas.

Picture the dismay of Mr. Shandy at this reply, especially as, when questioned, uncle Toby admits knowing no more about “the theory of that affair” than his horse does! Farther on in this chapter xviii there is a footnote which reads “*Vide Locke*,” and the clue to the whole conversation is to be found in Locke’s chapter (Book II, chap. xiv) entitled “Of Duration and Its Simple Modes.” The concluding paragraph of Sterne’s chapter begins as follows :—

Now, whether we observe it or no, continued my father, in every sound man’s head there is a regular succession of ideas of one sort or other, which follow each other in train just like—A train of artillery? said my uncle Toby—A train of a fiddle-stick!—quoth my father—which follow and succeed one another in our minds at certain distances, just like the images in the inside of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle.

Compare this with Locke’s words (*loc. cit.*) :—

Hence I leave it to others to judge, whether it be not probable that our ideas do, whilst we are awake, succeed one another in our minds at certain distances, not much unlike the images in the inside of a lantern, turned round by the heat of a candle.

And, by the way, does not uncle Toby’s typical interruption in the paragraph last quoted from Sterne, remind one at once of what Locke has written about the power to mislead possessed by the association of ideas? Uncle Toby is forever misunderstanding people because association of ideas makes their words remind him of his Hobby-horse. Because of the operation of the association of ideas, Corporal Trim’s “Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles” never gets told at all, thanks to uncle Toby’s interruptions. So that Sterne may have derived some of his theory of hobby-horses from Locke.

In the long “Author’s Preface,” which is to be found in Book III, chapter xx, of *Tristram Shandy*, there is a dissertation upon wit and judgment, in which Locke is taken severely to task for being deceived into thinking that these two operations of the

mind differ from each other "as wide as east from west." This refers to Book II, chapter xi, of the *Essay*, Section 2 of which treats of "The Difference of Wit and Judgment."

I think enough has now been said to show that Sterne was familiar with Locke's work, admired it, and borrowed from it. The reader can search out further examples of Sterne's indebtedness for himself, if he is interested. As for the second part of my argument, namely, that Sterne derived the plan of *Tristram Shandy* from Locke, no such conclusive proof is possible. So whimsical a character as Sterne could hardly be accused of possessing anything so definite as a plan in his writing, even if it was only the scanty framework I have suggested; this "plan" being, in fact, to illustrate, by his book's seeming want of plan, the theory of the association of ideas. In any case, knowing Sterne, one could hardly expect him to adhere to a plan for the whole nine years during which he wrote and published *Tristram Shandy*. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the last mention of Locke's name occurs just over half-way through the book, in chapter vii of Book V. There are, altogether, nine Books, and there might have been as many more, I suppose, if Sterne had lived, so that he himself may have had, or might have had if he had lived, time to forget any purpose with which he began. Since literary criticism is, of necessity, part spade-work and part guess-work, all one can do, after the spade-work is over, is to put forward one's guess and let it take its chance.

THE SECRET

By George Manning-Sanders

I NEVER worried about the secret till the minute me and Susie went into our cottage at the end of the cove as man and wife. Then, in an instant, I went all hot and cold from wondering if it was safe hid from sight. And before a week was out I'd moved me secret seven separate times, and each new hiding place seemed easier to find than the others.

I'll tell you this much. If a married man have got ought that's crooked on his mind, he won't be able to look straight into his missis' eye. If she notices his squint she'll suspicion him, and he'll live in torment for fear she'll worm it out of him. And that's exactly how it was with me.

Once when I was far out to sea fishing, I stops singing of a sudden to wonder if Susie would be cleaning out our bedroom and laying hand on what I'd tucked away under the mattress of the bed. I went all of a sweat from thinking she must have done that. Till I couldn't stand the strain, and up anchor and drove back to shore gunwale under. But first glance of Susie's smiling face told me she'd not found ought, and it was if a mill-stone had lifted from off me.

Another time I was nearly caught. I'd laid the secret at the back of a table-drawer in the kitchen. One evening Susie goes to that drawer rummaging and I could scarce breathe seeing how nigh her hand was to it. When she turns round sudden and sees me staring, she gives a scream and wants to know what's come over me that I've gone so white and funny:

After I'd tried to do a bit of shilly-shally trying to laugh it off, like, Susie says sharp and hard like a pistol shot—"Come on, what's on your mind? Out with it!"

"Nor on me mind except *you*, my flower," say I, bold as I could speak.

Susie glares at me very angry. "I can twig the lie in your eye, me man," says she, "you're up to some game shaming of me, I do believe, and I've a good mind to find out who she is, and rip every hair from her ugly head."

"Nothing like that at all," says I, "I'm true as steel to you and always will be."

"I'm not so sure," says she, "for you have a nasty glint in your eyes, same as I've seen in the pictures on a man poisoned his wife so as he could carry on with a baby-faced hussy."

"I could no more do hurt to you, my pretty, than I could to a fly," says I in a flurry.

Susie didn't seem to like that. She clanks down a saucepan with all her might and says more loud, "You're trying to diddle me over something, and I've a good mind to set vicar on you."

"What could *he* do?" says I, beginning to laugh.

"Worm out the evil that's at the back of your mind with big words and tales of hell fire and damnation for sinners."

"He's welcome to try," says I, laughing very hearty.

Well after this scat up between me and the missis, things get uncomfortable. She is always and for ever watching me on the sly. But as she didn't know the shape or size of what she was looking for, it wasn't often she got nigh to it.

Then one morning as I was passing the church, vicar comes along and takes me inside, very solemn. After he'd cleared his throat a brave bit he says that Susie has complained to him of my sly ways. Mind, he's a gentleman, is vicar and though I couldn't keep up with his ways of speech, I knew he was doing his best to be fair atween Susie and me.

Toward the end when I was feeling dizzy from looking up at a bright coloured window, he says very soft and quiet, "If you are in any trouble, let me try to help you," says he.

And on a sudden as I looked into his kind smiling face, I thought I'd finish the job and own up, "It's like this then Sir," says I in a whisper, "On me last sea voyage in a cargo boat just afore I wedded Susie, I went ashore in a foreign port, got tiddled and bought one of them photos."

"Ah yes, a view of the harbour and so on," says vicar, nodding and smiling.

"Nothing like it, sir," says I. "People."

"Ah," says the vicar, still smiling. "Natives in costume?"

"No sir," says I, "mostly naked."

"Humph," says vicar without much smile, "would they be athletes?"

"I can't rightly tell, sir," says I, "but a fireman from our ship got into trouble with the police for selling one in a Liverpool pub."

Vicar frowns and says very sharp, "Go home and burn the thing at once."

"Aye, I'll do that and never again have the fear of Susie coming across it," says I and thanked vicar and set off hot foot.

But on the way downhill to me home I began to think I'd made a lot of fuss about nothing. So I didn't go nigh that old secret, and for all I know it's bided quiet in its hiding place for upward of ten year or more.

CORNISH: A DEAD LANGUAGE?

*By Frederick Trott and
N. Peter Widdowson*

IN the last few decades, a good deal has appeared in the press of South-Western England, Brittany and even Wales, on the revival of Cornish. Renewed interest was apparently first aroused in the last century by Henry Jenner, who also made an exhaustive study of the other Celtic languages : Erse, Welsh, Gaelic, Manx and Breton. Since Jenner's pioneer-work, much has been written and spoken on the subject, not *primarily* for the interest of philologists, but in order to give renewed life to a language quite peculiar in sound, rich in idiom and astonishingly subtle in expression.

It will be wondered where and by whom Cornish is now being spoken. Certainly not in Cornwall. This is because the people of Cornwall are still almost entirely rural, or of a rural cast of mind, so that there is no inducement for them to learn a language which is not spoken in their own district. Which is not to say that they are mentally obtuse, for Cornish could easily be taught, were it not for a second factor. This is the English educational system, whose results are to be seen and heard in all places, and which should certainly come in for drastic reform among other post-war changes. No ordinary person can learn a second language without knowing the behaviour* of his own, because his lips naturally follow the form of his mother tongue ; and few Cornish people in Great Britain to-day receive this essential instruction.

In the U.S.A. where some languages are thriving as vigorously as on their native soil, there are some who speak Cornish. But in this country there is only one person who claims to have known Cornish from infancy, and who can speak and write it with inborn ease and fluency. Indeed, before he came forward at the time of the general revival started by Jenner and his successors, the language was popularly supposed to have died with an old woman (Dolly Pentreath) in 1777. Fortunately, the rudiments of it have been made available to posterity through small, handy and well-written books, including two dictionaries, one of which is the perfect model of what a dictionary should be. These were published mainly by the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, at very

* The words ' Grammar ' and ' Rules ' are purposely avoided.

considerable cost, and through the efforts of individual workers. Two men in particular have been indefatigable in their patient research: R. Morton Nance and A. S. Smith, M.A., and valuable help has been offered by the native speaker mentioned above, R. St. V. Allin-Collins.

By Cromwell's time the language had declined into the somewhat corrupt form now called late Cornish, but the revival that has been going on for some years past is basically Middle Cornish, which was current about 1300-1600, although many words and phrases have been introduced from the earlier forms, from Late Cornish and from Welsh and Breton in cases where Middle Cornish is deficient. Moreover, Sassenach elements have unavoidably strayed in, for England, Cornwall's only neighbour on land, has been not only powerful but also progressive.

There has been little natural development in the spoken language since about 1660. For in 1649 the Cornish rebelled because they were allowed neither to have their own translation of the Prayer Book when it was rendered into English, nor to go on using the Latin version, although few of them at that time knew English at all. They fought relentlessly and with unfailing courage for many years, before they were finally subdued. It was not until they were defeated together with the King after supporting Charles against Cromwell, that they finally submitted to England and yielded up the last vestiges of their independence.

The ancestors of the Bretons left the shores of Cornwall many centuries ago, when Brittany was almost uninhabited. This is why one district in Brittany, and its dialect, is called Cornouaille. The Bretons have always been proud to claim British (that is, Brythonic or South Celtic) ancestry. A few years ago a Breton author Jean de Gall (Croix de Guerre), read in public some Cornish poetry which the native speaker had sent him. His hearers listened intently, and when he came to the end they exclaimed "Va Doue, marzuz eo!" (Lord, that's marvellous!) "We did not know they spoke Breton in Britain! But it is not very like our Breton."

The National Library of Wales, among other bodies, now records and keeps copies of all the writings of Mr. Allin-Collins. Oxford and Cambridge Universities also have some of his contributions to the study of Cornish, as have several foreign universities where Celtic studies are pursued.

A small knowledge of Cornish enables one to understand those Welshmen and Bretons who do not know English. Because of Celtic survivals in the Cornish dialect of English, most Cornish people know a few words of their ancestral language even though they think they are speaking good plain English in using them. Thus it is that fishermen and onion-sellers who come over to Cornwall from Brittany can often make themselves understood without English as they can in Wales. The Bretons may well call Cornishmen their Celtic brothers.

In one or two instances parents have taught, and are teaching, their children as much of the language as they know. They are encouraged to do so by the fact that an afternoon choral service, including the sermon, is conducted entirely in Cornish every year, in Truro Cathedral or elsewhere. Moreover, the services of the Church of England have been published in Cornish. So there seems to be hope that the language is well on the way to taking its rightful place, on a level with Erse, Breton and Welsh.

ARTIST, SPECTATOR and the SUBCONSCIOUS

By T. F. Harvey Jacob

"The tragedy of our civilization is that a specialised education has segregated an advanced artistic minority from the main body, as with a tourniquet."

—Editorial comment in *Horizon*, May 1943.

"I am at enmity with . . . the stuff that passes for art today, because when it is—even momentarily—considered by the normally intelligent person . . . he has an immediate revulsion against all art . . . No art is of the slightest importance unless it is comprehensible to a good number of people outside its creator."

—John Beevers, in *World without Faith*.

FEW will deny, I suppose, that painters and the general public tend to grow less and less sympathetic as the years pass, and it is worth while to inquire whether anything can be done towards reversing this deplorable trend. Part of the trouble is, of

course, that the progress of civilization means increasing variety and differentiation among human minds, and that there no longer exists any framework of universally-accepted ideas about life and destiny which can be taken for granted by artist and spectator alike. (Mr. Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Morals," published in America about fifteen years ago, contains a very striking chapter on this theme, which should be read by everyone interested in art). Modern painters, being thus unable to rely on any mental-emotional background common to themselves and the general public, are inclined to brush aside the taste of the latter as completely negligible, and to take up one or other of two attitudes which are almost equally antipathetic to the "man in the street." Either they claim to be supermen and prophets, with some high "message" to convey; or they assert that art need have nothing to do with philosophy or morals or ordinary human emotions, and should aim at producing "arrangements of forms and colours which shall have no human connotation whatever, for the artist or spectator."* To the present writer, either attitude seems untenable. There is certainly no evidence to justify the assumption that, because a man has an irresistible impulse to draw or paint, he is likely to be a profound thinker or an inspired teacher. And the other, or "art for art's sake" doctrine, is almost equally open to criticism. Its exponents regard the creation of "significant form" as the artist's only proper aim, but they have never made it clear how "form" can be at the same time "significant" and totally unrelated to human life. Apparently they do not mean that a picture should be merely a pattern or arrangement of abstract forms and colours, for in practice they almost always put things into their paintings which remind us (however faintly) of familiar objects, and therefore awaken some emotional association with actuality. And in any case, if a painted form, or arrangement of forms, really conveyed no suggestion of human affairs or the material world around us, could our pleasure in contemplating it be anything but purely physiological, consisting of the movements of the eyeball in following lines, and the reactions of the retina to intensities or combinations of colours?

I grant, of course, that when the average man looks at a picture he usually does so in quite the wrong spirit. Instead of beginning by asking himself whether it impresses him as a pleasing

* Clive Bell: "Art."

arrangement of forms and colours, his first (unconscious) question is likely to be, Is that something that I would like if I met it in real life?—and his second, What does it tell me? or What lesson does it teach? In other words, he is wondering what he is supposed to learn from the work of art, or to “do about it,” instead of surrendering himself to the pleasure of pure contemplation. He needs to read and digest the opening chapters of M. Charles Maurron’s “Aesthetics and Psychology,” and to recall that great saying of Dean Inge’s, “Beauty gives neither information nor advice, but it satisfies a part of our nature which is not less divine than that which pays homage to truth and goodness.”

But suppose he has acquired the contemplative attitude, and finds the experience of regarding the picture in that way highly enjoyable, are we to conclude that his pleasure is derived wholly from the “pattern” element in it—the forms and their relations, the quality and harmony of the colours, and the way the artist has handled his materials—considered apart from anything it may seem to “represent”? If we answer in the affirmative, are we not saying that a first-class Persian carpet is as great an achievement, artistically, as a portrait by Rembrandt or a nude by Renoir? And if in the negative, are we not denying all that has so often been urged about the necessity of separating the aesthetic experience from the emotions of “real life”?

This is, of course, the supreme dilemma of the aesthetic philosopher, and I think his only possible way of escape is to assert the importance of *unconscious* associations, both in artistic creation and aesthetic appreciation. Since Freud started the revolution in psychology, a great deal has been written about the part played in these matters by the subconscious, or unconscious, part of the mind, but most of it has been very wide of the mark. Painters of the “Surrealist” school,* for instance, seem to hold that the artist’s business is to bring up into consciousness, and depict upon canvas, images and ideas which would normally remain hidden in the subconscious mind; and they quite fail to see that to become *aware* of your “unconscious” motives is to emasculate them for purposes of artistic creation. And more than one professional psychologist has put forward the crude theory that “The work of art is one of those day-dreams in which men seek . . . the fulfilment of certain desires, either repressed or denied satisfaction by the rigours of daily life.”

M. Maurron, however, (in the work already mentioned) sees deeper. "The essential character of the aesthetic attitude," he says, "is a curious mixture of sensation and inhibition The artist must be double-minded ; one side of him seethes with echoes, impulses, desires, emotions : the other, unmoved, savours and appreciates." (The "inhibition" mentioned is, of course, a manifestation of that psychological mechanism which has been called the Censor—something that breaks the connection between the conscious mind and the host of memories and associations existing in the background.) Saying that, before a work of art, "we listen to the repercussions within us, passing from one nerve-centre to the next," and that "our nerve-tissues form so complex a network that the most elementary shock can excite in the depths of our being a hubbub of past impressions, and desires," this writer concludes : "Here we are in the very stronghold of psycho-analysis, in the obscure domain of allusions, interpretations, and symbols."

My contention is, therefore, that when sensitive observers like Mr. Clive Bell and the late Roger Fry believe themselves to be reacting to "forms and colours which have no human connotation whatever," a great part of their pleasure actually consists in a "multiplication of echoes" from the contents of their subconscious minds ; and that this element is necessarily present in all aesthetic satisfaction which rises to a high point of intensity. Mr. Bell is perfectly right to maintain the supreme importance of "form" and "formal relations," but when he brings in the adjective "significant" he cannot avoid the implication of a connection or association with the contents of the perceiving mind ; *i.e.*, with something not wholly abstracted from what we commonly call "reality." A great many difficulties will disappear if we accept the theory that the mental-emotional meeting between the work of art and the spectator must take place in the unconscious or semi-conscious part of the latter's mind—at least at their initial contact. To look at a picture with full consciousness of all the memories and associations and real-life emotions which it can awaken is to be in grave danger of regarding it unaesthetically—as something demanding an active response—

* Readers will find "Surrealism" and most of the other artistic "heresies" of to-day ably expounded and faithfully dealt with in Mr. Charles Marriott's invaluable "Key to Modern Painting" ; but on the subject of "Cubism" I prefer Mr. D. S. MacColl ("What is Art?")

and of having one's attention diverted from the feelings experienced in simple contemplation. The perception of beauty is, in my view, something *immediate*, and hardly at all dependent upon detailed examination or the thoughts aroused by prolonged acquaintance with the beautiful object.

This greatly-compressed essay does not profess to be more than an attempt to clear away some of the misunderstandings which prevent the much-to-be-desired *rapprochement* between artists and the general public. The spectator, in particular, needs to realise what the artist's claim is—*viz.* : that he has "had a certain vision or experience which has for him value or beauty" and which he "seeks to make available to others and more real to himself by expressing it in what is called a work of art."* The artist, if he has rightly conceived his function, is not consciously concerned to teach a moral lesson, expound a philosophy, or tell a story, but to "translate into material form something which he felt in a spasm of ecstasy,"†—*and to do this in a way that will transmit something of the ecstasy to others.* Art has a social function—which is not the same thing as saying that the artist should be motivated by any sort of moral intention. The object of art is to make human life better worth living : for the artist, by releasing his emotions, and for the public, by giving them a high and peculiar form of pleasure. If a picture is to live, it must be (as Mr. Beevers says) "comprehensible to a good number of people outside its creator," and the painter who claims that he need only have regard to "self-expression" is degrading his art to the level of a sort of purgation—even if he dignifies it with the word "spiritual." Self-expression, to be of any value, must come about of itself ; it should emphatically not be made a conscious aim. If, then, the painter is to succeed in communicating his "spasm of ecstasy," he must (1) be able to feel something in common between himself and his public ; (2) spare no pains in acquiring the technique necessary to make his hand obey his brain ; and (3) have sufficient modesty to refrain from posing as a prophet or teacher just because he is endowed with a natural "sense of form" and certain manual aptitudes. I do not think he will find that his greatest predecessors were oblivious to any of these considerations.

* Prof. R. W. Ditchburn, F.T.C.D. ("The Technician in Art, Industry and Science.")

† Clive Bell ("Art.")

GEORGE MOORE AND THE VICAR OF LEIXLIP

By J. M. Hone

IN the *Letters of George Moore* recently published by John Eglinton will be found several references to Edward Berwick, vicar of Leixlip, the Irish translator of Philostratus' life of Apollonius of Tyana. "You should write an article about the man who wrote the best English prose that ever came out of Ireland," Moore says to his correspondent, writing from London in 1915. And again: "Haven't you yet discovered who the writer is who wrote beautiful Goldsmith English from an Irish rectory and who knew Greek?" John Eglinton, who did not write the article, has a footnote to say that Moore discovered the translation of the life of Apollonius in the National Library. This was no doubt in or about the year 1908, and we may surmise that George Moore was led to Apollonius, the neo-Pythagorean and alleged miracle-worker, born three or four years before the Christian era, by his interest in the modernist criticism of his friend Dujardin, which was itself the sequel of his "discovery" of the Bible.

Who then was Edward Berwick? In the *Alumni Dublinenses* he is described as the son of Duke Berwick, a gentleman in County Down. Berwick entered Trinity College in 1770 at the age of sixteen, and gained a scholarship in 1773. He first came into notice during the agitation against the arbitrary rule of the Provost Hely Hutchinson who had censured him (among other trifles) for going to County Wicklow for a part of the vacations. Also he had openly transgressed Hutchinson's order forbidding the scholars to take part in elections except according to the instructions issued from the Provost's Lodge. For these reasons he figured in a publication called *Pranceriana* and issued by Dr. Duigenan, the vigorous Protestant controversialist and member of Parliament, under the pseudonym Nathan Ben Saddi (1784), and containing a series of squibs; the book (incorrectly attributed in the *Dictionary of National Biography* to Dodsley who had died seventeen years previously), is so entitled because Hely Hutchinson was charged with wanting to turn the College into a dancing school, when he suggested that it should imitate the College of

Christ Church, Oxford, by opening a dancing class. Berwick was deprived of his scholarship, but was subsequently reinstated. On his leaving College, Bishop Percy of Dromore presented him to the vicarage of Tullylish in Co. Down, and in 1795 he was promoted to the vicarage of the fashionable village of Leixlip, as well as to the rectory of Clongish in Co. Longford, by favour of the Earl of Moira. From Leixlip he published through a London bookseller a translation of the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, "as compiled by Philostratus circa 210 at the desire of Julia Domna, wife to the Emperor Severus"; the work is dated 1809 from Esker, near Lucan. Two other works of a classical nature came from his pen: *Lives of Caius Asinius Pollis, Marcus F. Varro and Cneius Gallus, with notes and illustrations* (signed Leixlip, 1814), and *Memoirs of Scipio Africanus* (1817)—Berwick explains in his preface to the latter that he is more interested in the civil than in the military capacity of Scipio. Both these books are short volumes, and both are dedicated to Berwick's patron, Moira, now become Marquis of Hastings, as was also Berwick's *Treatise on Church Government* of 1811. Subsequently, Berwick was entrusted with the editing of the *Rawdon Papers*, a selection of letters come to the Rawdon family through its connection with Primate Bramhall. The letters include correspondence from the Queen of Bohemia, Laud, Ussher, Greatraks (the Waterford neo-Platonist), Bramhall himself; other letters deal with the troubles in the North of Ireland between 1688 and 1694.

A further literary interest of Berwick's was research into the life of Swift, a task to which more than one of his contemporaries was attracted. The Leixlip vicar was among those who spontaneously handed to Sir Walter Scott—then engaged upon his biography of the Dean—documents still unpublished that had come by chance into their hands. From Berwick Scott had various satires hitherto unknown, including the verses on the "Legion Club," and also a copy of the valuable correspondence with Vanessa. "The originals of the letters," Scott wrote in a foreword to his edition of Swift's Works, "are said to have been destroyed by Bishop Berkeley; but Judge Marshall (Vanessa's other executor) preserved copies . . . The following transcript was made by my learned friend, Mr. Berwick, of Esker, near Leixlip, well known to the literary world by the light which his labours have thrown upon many abstruse passages of ancient

history. The internal evidence, and the high character of Mr. Berwick, are a sufficient warrant of the authenticity of these letters, although the editor is unable to state in whose hands the original copy of Marshall is now to be found." In Berwick's correspondence with Scott (Forster Collection) there is no indication of how Berwick came by the source of his transcript, and he appears to have had scruples whether Scott should use the material. It was only in 1921, on the appearance of Martin Freeman's *Swift and Vanessa*, that it became known that the originals of the correspondence were in existence.¹ Mr. Freeman suggests that possibly they were stolen when Berkeley's Dublin lodgings were broken into in 1723; if so, there must have been a copy from which Berwick made his transcript. Berwick reviewed Sir Walter's Life of Swift in the *Edinburgh Review* (Sept. 1816), in a tone which Emilo Pons (*Swift: Les Années de Jeunesse*) describes as more prudent and qualified than that of most of Sir Walter's laudators. He also published in 1819 *A defence of Jonathan Swift*, a pamphlet which I have been unable to discover; it is possibly a reprint of the *Edinburgh* article. In the article, however, Berwick expressed the opinion that Scott had been too indulgent towards Swift's relations with Vanessa, and he demonstrated the incompatibility of Sheridan's account of the death of Stella with Scott's version of the event. "Of Swift himself," says Pons, "Berwick speaks more judiciously than his contemporaries, although he is too reserved, often for moral reasons, as to the greater part of his works." It is also recorded that Berwick purchased a copy of Temple's *Works* with Swift's autograph and the date May 2, 1692, which he cut out and pasted "on the case of a mezzotint portrait of the Dean." This mezzotint portrait with the attachments is now in the National Library of Ireland; the signature and date are not found on Bindon's original portrait at St. Patrick's Deanery. There is no doubt that Berwick felt the strange fascination of his subject as did even John Barrett, Vice-Provost of Trinity, astrologer and greatest miser of history, who also in this period threw light on passages of Swift's undergraduate life.

Among Berwick's distinguished friends was Grattan who, writing to him from Stradbally in 1805, says: "I was obliged to leave Tinnehinch on Saturday to come on to this place, and desert

¹ They are now in the British Museum.

your collection and all good works for the Mammon of unrighteousness, namely rent," and on St. Patrick's Day in the following year Grattan asks Berwick what he thinks of the Bill compelling the residence of the clergy. "I think there may be a great hardship in it." As Berwick himself was a pluralist, with his two livings, one in Kildare the other in Longford, each worth £500 per annum, this may have been irony on the part of Grattan, who had frequently denounced pluralism in his speeches. Berwick kept a curate in each parish, the Leixlip one at £80 per annum, the Clongish curate at £70. He was also private chaplain to the Earls of Granard and Moira, and presumably received a salary from both these noblemen. While vicar of Tullylish he was continuously absent, although the Protestant population there was very considerable and spread over a wide area. He left the parish shortly after his institution in charge of a curate named McCracken, who was succeeded by a Mr. Johnston. His name appears but once in the "Minutes of the Vestry."

Berwick was twice married. His first wife, Anne, died at Leixlip at the age of 24, and is buried in the Convey graveyard, Leixlip Parish. Berwick, who died the 5th of June, 1820, at the age of 67, is buried beside her, and there is a long inscription on the tomb recording his virtue as a man of learning and a Christian. His second wife, Rebecca, died in 1855, and her stone, in the same churchyard, was erected by surviving children, and in memory also of their brothers Grattan Berwick and of Charles James Fox Berwick. Berwick had a long family, several members of which distinguished themselves in legal careers. Walter became judge of the Irish Bankruptcy Court, and was burned in the terrible disaster to the Irish Mail at Abergele, Denbighshire in 1868; the Berwick Art Club in Dublin was established to perpetuate his memory. The charitable institution of Berwick House near Rathfarnham was created by the Berwick family in memory of a Miss Berwick, the grand-daughter of Edward Berwick.

As a man of letters Berwick should survive as the translator of Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius*. He may have been attracted by the anagogical in Apollonius, as by the anagogical in Swift. His volume was the first complete rendering into English of the life of the rhetorician and sophist of Lemnos, and is beautifully done. Previously there was only the partial late 17th century translation by Charles Blount, the copious and ambiguous notes

and which were evidently designed to please the palate of the free-thinkers of the period. Berwick, however, held (if we may accept the sincerity of his preface to the translation) that Philostratus' account of the life of Apollonius of Tyana could be translated without "the least harm to the Christian religion, and that all the supernatural tales related in it are false." Blount says in the preface to his English version of the first two books that he had translated the whole, but was prevented from publishing by reason of the outcry raised against him of the danger which was to follow its publication. But Berwick gives it as his opinion that the life of Apollonius may be read without the least danger to the Christian religion. "Notwithstanding the alarm caused it appears to me that whatever danger was to have followed (of which there was none) must have arisen from the nature of the notes with which it is furnished, almost all of them being so deistical a tendency as to make it supposed that they were written by the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and not from a faithful translation of the text which I think is perfectly harmless." Berwick's own notes are directed to belittling the seriousness of the narrative, especially the account given by Philostratus of an appearance of Apollonius to his disciples after death. "This poor account," he calls it, "of a dream and vision of an overwatched boy is all that this great story affords as to the resurrection of Apollonius." In fact he justifies his own translation on the ground that we have only to peruse the whole life to convince ourselves of the fallacy of such comparisons as Hierocles, Voltaire and Blount drew between Apollonius and Christ.

Berwick's *Life of Apollonius* is in the Trinity College Library, but no longer in the National, where Moore is said to have read it. In Moore's day it was in the then uncatalogued "Joly Collection" of the National Library. I might suspect that George Moore borrowed the copy and failed to return it, if I had not John Eglinton's assurance that he was frustrated in an attempt to take away the book to read in his house at Ely Place. It is exceedingly rare, for (as I have read elsewhere) two London booksellers of world-wide reputation were in 1908 (probably by Moore himself) set on a vain search for it. No other "whole life" of Apollonius had at that time been published in English. In 1912 there appeared, in Loeb's classical series, the translation by Dr. Conybeare, which may be a more faithful rendering of the

Greek than Berwick's, but has not the same purity of language. Berwick was undoubtedly one of the best of Moore's many discoveries. John Eglinton observes that Moore admired the style of production of Berwick's *Apollonius* so much that he chose it as a model for his own future publications. More than this can be said; I think that anyone familiar with the *Brook Kerith* and *Heloise and Abelard*, those long semi-historical narratives, who cares to study the *Apollonius* in the Trinity College Library, will understand why Moore should have been attracted by Berwick at the time that he was fashioning the prose instrument of his later life.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

AT its inception the Abbey Theatre incurred abuse to be followed by universal approval with a consequent acceptance at home like the prophet approved by proverb who only receives posthumous canonisation in his native town. Recognised in the first instance by the discerning few for the right reasons, praised by the equally discerning few in foreign parts, the latter brought their compatriots round to an appreciation of a dramatic mode which, despite a regional language and local *dramatis personae*, succeeded in crawling out of its provincial rompers in to an adult metropolitan influence. How many people realise that Synge with his *Playboy of the Western World* has left his mark on Italian drama and that he anticipated Freud with the comic as well as the tragic potentialities of the Oedipus complex? The Greeks sensed only its tragedy but Synge knew that Christy's loy, that was alleged to have laid low his da, was only a symbol of wish-fulfilment. He knew that the patricidal lie expressed the impotent impulse of the weak rebellion of puberty against parental tyranny. The locals in New York and Dublin, however, only saw the breach of the Mosaic commandment that shattered the honour due to parents, coupled with an insult to Irish morality, and wrecked the theatre. Now they see the joke and miss the psychology. It is difficult to know which attitude

is preferable. In France after the last war the youngsters appreciated Synge's irony. The comic iconoclasts in Paris had no loy to steal or purchase in the boulevards in order to shake the complacency of their elders, but they found in the conscious humorist dadaist negation and the unconscious serious surrealist affirmation a parallel weapon with which to crack the skulls of ossified opinion.

It all seems to have happened a long time ago. The Abbey Theatre lives on its reputation. Not that there have been no dramatists of worth since the so-called Celtic renaissance. The trouble is that the Twilight was only the half-light before dusk instead of the harbinger of the high sun of noon. It was the drama of the half-door rather than the grand gateway to experiment and revolution. The Abbey Theatre has never lost its natural actors so that its plays can always rely on an interpretation that makes vivid and *vraisemblable* action and characters which, at their best, are only an echo of what was acceptable twenty years ago.

Nevertheless now and again something does appear on its boards even for only one evening which stirs the imagination and suggests that experiment may not be entirely outside the scope of the State-aided theatre. Such thoughts arise from the reading of Mr. Jack Yeats' play *La La Noo* (Dublin: Cuala Press. Price 12s. 6d.). Here is a piece which attempts to hold an audience by its quiet in a turbulent world. Little happens. The Publican and the Stranger chat naturally in a peaceful country pub and are interrupted by a crowd of ladies who rest on their way to catch their bus. They are caught by the rain and return. They dry their soaked clothes and the Stranger attempts to drive them home in a neighbour's lorry and kills himself in the attempt. The first reaction is to deny that this is a play. It certainly does not conform to the standards of Sardou who knew his stage without bothering about his characters, or Ibsen who knew both his stage and his characters. Mr. Yeats is careful about his creatures but careless about his construction. But it is nevertheless a play—adramatic, as Max Beerbohm might say, with the quality of a novel that seeks the miracle in the humdrum. And why not? Poetry nowadays steals from prose as a revenge for the thefts from poetry which have characterised *prosateurs* from Lyly to Pater. There is individuality in all the characters even to the crowd of women and from the beginning one feels that this

quiet village public house is destined as the setting for tragedy. The Stranger has seen the world and is sufficiently cultured to accept the Publican's pronunciation of "le nu" as "la la noo" without pedantic comment. The very title suggests that the dramatist wished to stress the bareness of his plot. Mr. Yeats spills his colour bounteously on his paintings but in this play the richness is hidden under a bleak exterior. The drama is "nu comme la main" but is not as in Musset's rhyme "nu comme le discours d'un academicien." No pedantry here but rather the inverted precocity of an artist who remains the boy with all the experience of a life time.

It is tragic that sudden death should come to the civilised Stranger politely risking his life for ladies in a minor distress, and that the Seventh Woman could have driven the lorry but omitted to say so because she wasn't asked. In the dim world beyond the play the women will live their lives without incident and the Publican will continue to dispense liquid refreshment without curiosity—all externally unhurt and indeed for all the dramatist tells inwardly unmoved by the day's events. Mr. Yeats is once again the "amaranther" with human beings this time for toys.

Remembered for Ever, a tragi-comedy by Bernard McGinn (London: Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d.), which was produced by the Abbey Theatre in 1941, has just appeared in book form. Despite a plot that suggests a neat right-angled drop from the Abbey genealogical tree there is in this play a second act written as expressionistically as the most advanced work of Toller or Denis Johnston. Mr. McGinn has proved that good characterisation and bold scenic experiment may make up for a somewhat unconvincing story. With the modern interest in production and stage problems his play should find favour with the many serious Dramatic Societies that function all over the country.

The New Theatre Group has discovered that not all good plays come from the Bronx and that audiences may have realised that all too often we only get dramatic thunder from the Left. The Group is to be congratulated on its finding a new dramatist, in Donnybrook this time. Mr. Cecil Ffrench Salkeld's *A Gay Good-Night*, despite weakness in construction and overmuch talk, has excellent characterisation and was very well acted. Phyllis

Murphy serious and emotional as Liebchen and Joe Mac Colum as the good-natured rogue were particularly outstanding. The production by the author was even better than the play which was good enough to augur well for his second effort.

The Richards-Walshe season at the Gaiety Theatre opened with a comedy by D. J. Giltinan, *This Book is Banned*. Literary censorship is of course an obvious target for ridicule, but the chestnuts which the author hurled were too hoary to be really effective. It was all very well for James Joyce to use the old gags of his student days. They were at least good jokes and provided atmosphere, but Mr. Giltinan stretched his appeal beyond all the elasticity of good taste. The pun on Wells' novel *Kipps* smacks of the humour of a lewd schoolboy. He might, even without acknowledgment, have borrowed with telling effect, Wilde's remark in the play which, as I write, is running at the Gate Theatre and which is worth all the quips in the Gaiety play:—"It is absurd to have a hard-and-fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read." Had the piece been called a farce one might have felt more lenient.

The Dingle Republic was a definite improvement on the foregoing. From the collaboration of Edward Sheehy and Michael Walshe one expected theatre as well as thought, wit as well as form, sparkle as well as good lighting. The satire was tremendous as satire. The gombeen men were mercilessly pilloried with the result that one felt like the lady who said of Shylock, as reported by Heine, that the poor man was wronged. After the fall of the curtain one felt the futility of idealism rather than the iniquity of the money grabbers. The hero lacked resolution without the philosophic vacillation of Hamletism. He was rightly dubbed by another character as a sheep in Wolfe Tone's clothing. Yet the play held attention in spite of the shock of tragedy on top of a long bout of County Council fooling. If a few cuts are made in some of the longer speeches the play should have a very successful early revival.

Other plays by Richards-Walshe Productions were *Duty Free* (which I did not see) and *Murder without Crime* which was a triumph of acting for Hamlyn Benson who gave a performance that would fill a West-End theatre for years.

PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM

IT seems to me necessary that criticism should be based on certain principles for the simple reason that the alternative is a mere expression of preference and not criticism at all. The first principle of criticism is that no critic is infallible ; for, even if he can lay down certain principles, the phenomena to which he applies them are at once varied and changing. Nevertheless the principles are necessary and I give them because their observance seems to me essential to great painting.

The greatness of a painting depends :—

1. On its aesthetic achievement in the use of its medium.
2. On the degree to which it communicates some fundamental human emotion.
3. On the degree to which it relates to the environment in which it was painted.
4. On the degree to which its communication is impossible in any other medium.

Though these principles may appear self-evident, they, or some such principles, are indispensable to the critic who has to assess the value of pictures not merely in isolation, but in a dual relationship : to the contemporary state of society : to a real or hypothetical national tradition. Here in Ireland there is no national tradition in painting. There are at most half a dozen artists whose work in some degree corresponds to a phase of our late literary Renaissance, which has itself passed on from that phase. The bulk of our academic painting derives from that of 19th-century England, with just a trace of the French *peintres maudits*. Our rebels, with one or two exceptions derive from the post-great war experimenters of France and Germany. The universal conflict between conservative and revolutionary is further complicated here in so far as neither side has any national terms of reference.

Even without these local complications there are still difficulties in the modern situation because the conflict is to a great extent unreal. While progress logically rests with the innovator, it does not do so automatically, because very often his contempt for the

academician leads him to discard something valuable in the tradition in exchange for originality. Unfortunately, if the painter is willing to ignore all other considerations, originality is one of the easiest things to achieve. Dadaists, Cubists, Surrealists proved that in France and Germany of the 'twenties ; and some of their spiritual progeny are still engaged in proving it here in the 'forties. Not that those European experiments were without value : Cubism and Surrealism were attempts to arrest the decay of form and imagination in European painting ; their fault, and ultimate barrenness, lay in their exclusive preoccupation with a protest, the one against the Impressionism and the other against a restricted realism.

The academician is a painter of *clichés*, and therefore popular, since the public likes what it knows and dislikes what is unfamiliar and difficult. Like the Cottards of Proust the public " cannot recognise the charm, the beauty even the outlines of nature save in the stereotyped impressions which they have assimilated." The artist who panders to public taste is seeking to communicate something already familiar and is therefore valueless as a creator. Nevertheless, the academician very often has valuable qualities : technical virtuosity, attention to detail, the patience to work out his ideas to their logical technical conclusions. Finding these qualities associated with fundamental lack of content the innovator often mistakenly assumes that they are its result. Finding that the academic painting is at once popular and intelligible, he assumes that unpopularity and obscurity are the essentials of good work ; whereas they are, in the case of great painting, both temporary, accidental and external to the painter's intent.

The moderns in revolt seek originality through a variety of experimentation ; which, where it is sincere and not an attempt to startle with mere strangeness, is valuable, and should, in my opinion, form part of the training of every student ; but which, in the last analysis, is no more than the five-finger-exercises of painting. Thus the exponents of " abstract design " or " significant form " concentrate on one element of painting to the exclusion of all others. Others attempt to communicate a personal symbolism which has no correspondence with general experience or with any recognised principles. Their communication is therefore restricted to the pure aesthétician or the psycho-analyst and intelligible only on an esoteric plane of science. On the other hand both abstract

design and personal symbolism do form an essential part of great painting. The problem of the modern lies in welding all these elements into a coherent and integral whole, and thereby relating his original vision to the common experience within the limits of his medium.

One further fault in the modern position is a type of energeticism which leads to the presentation of mere pictorial notes as finished pictures. This is largely due to a Romantic worship of the momentary inspiration, the unspoiled vision ; less flatteringly it betrays the fear that any attempt to express the vision to the full would result in an academic and therefore an unoriginal picture. But if the vision is really original, and if the artist has troubled to achieve the necessary technique, it will repay the fullest technical exploitation and result in a good picture instead of an interesting but unrealised potentiality. Only an artist steeped in his technique can rid the sketch of an element of the fortuitous ; and no great work of art can, of its nature, be an accident.

THE CONTEMPORARY PICTURE GALLERIES : EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOURS AND STAINED GLASS. JULY 12TH-31ST.

This show covered a considerable area of ground without penetrating very deep at any point. Exhibits ranged from the conventionally acceptable and technically accomplished work of Fergus O'Ryan and Tom Nisbet on the one hand, to the private experiments and childish humours of Kenneth Hall on the other. In between there was much of interest : Mainie Jellett's still predominantly abstract compositions, *New Life* and *Kelp*, *Aran Islands*, pleasing in form and delicacy of tone : Nano Reid's excellent sketches, particularly the gay *Swan and Boats* showing an original perception of form that would bear working out on a more ambitious scale. Anthony Reford uses colour brilliantly and to good effect. A curiously primitive morbidity informs his *Dead Man*, and *Tenement Nude* is excellent satire. Raymond McGrath's *Irish Light's Quay, Dun Laoghaire*, is saved from being a recrudescence of Malton by brilliant and rotund buoys which contrast with the formality of his architecture. His *Pacific* has the inconsequent clarity of a dream and smacks of Surrealism

without being strained. Rev. Jack P. O'Hanlon has an airy delicacy in his work suggestive of Marie Laurencin; his craftsmanship is careful but his work lacks depth. Evie Hone is inclined to confuse a fundamentally interesting composition by overloading with line; her *Bog: Drawing from Stone at Kells* is a pleasing exception. Her stained glass (she was the only exhibitor) is bold in design and rich in colour. Her *Window*, which would need a Pugin setting, is a relief from the anaemic importations that desecrate our country churches.

E. S.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. By V. K. Narayana Menon. Oliver and Boyd. 8s. 6d.

Sir Herbert Grierson, who was Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University for many years, contributes some personal reminiscences of Yeats in his introduction to this study. He recalls a lecture which Yeats gave in the early days of the revival on the customary subject of "Irish peasants and tramps and the Abbey Theatre." Curiously enough, the night of the lecture was the night of the first performance in Dublin of Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*. A telegram arrived at 4 a.m. to say that the performance had ended in a riot: and Yeats left for Dublin that morning by the shortest possible route. But these reminiscences are social rather than critical and, therefore, of little value. It is clear that Professor Grierson was not quite at his ease when Yeats discoursed on magic.

To me the whole business of the occult and mediums was so suspect that I was inclined to think that perhaps the interest and belief he expressed was somewhat of a pose, that there was even a little charlatanism in the stress he laid on it knowing that the subject was a favourite one with fashionable circles, the idle rich, as is, or was, astrology.

But Sir Herbert hastens to add that Yeats was one of the most sincere men he had ever known.

Mr. Narayana Menon presented this study of Yeats as a thesis for his Doctorate at Edinburgh University. Clear, well written, and concise, it is from a critical point of view no more than adequate. The necessary restraints of academic criticism are in themselves a useful discipline. We do not find Mr. Menon, therefore, dismissing the early poetry of Yeats with that impatience so characteristic of modernist critics before the war. But the study lacks background, and one is left with the impression that Mr. Menon has simplified

matters for himself by carefully co-relating Yeats's poetry with the autobiographies, essays and criticism. His acquaintance with the entire Irish literary revival seems to be superficial and on page 7, for example, he appears to have confused the Young Ireland Movement with the later movement : but this confusion may be due to hasty summarising.

The plays of Yeats have not been studied to any large extent by English critics and in the section dealing with them Mr. Menon scarcely passes this test as an original critic. He reviews the plays purely in the light of Yeats's own comments on them. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Menon has not seen any of the plays performed and is not acquainted with the practical problem of poetic drama on the stage. He has, however, summarised effectively some of the aspects of the poet's technique.

In order to eliminate the unravelling and development of incidents, Yeats usually started off with a discussion of a *fait accompli*. In order to eliminate the building-up of character, he started off with fully developed characters, sketched to us in a few formal lines of very effective hesitant speech by some subsidiary character, often his favourite Fool. In order to achieve neat outlines and a finished beauty, he pruned his plots to the point of being bare. And then he had a few set tricks. A little twist in the syntax and the construction of a line to make the most matter-of-fact statements memorable ; a focusing of attention on some ordinary little character, a beggar or an old man, so as to create something of an antithesis to the principal character.

The book is well produced and, as frontispiece, there is a portrait sketch of W. B. Yeats by Sean O'Sullivan, R.H.A.

M.D.

DOSTOEVSKY. A Study by Janko Lavrin. Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1943. 7/6 net.

Dostoevsky is one of those authors the interest in whom may fluctuate but will hardly ever die out. In trying to discover his personality in relation to the age in which he lived on the one hand, and his attributes as a writer on the other we have got almost lost in a jungle of contradictory judgments. Studies by such people as Suarès, Gide and Middleton Murry have been sincerely enthusiastic ; D. H. Lawrence has veered to the other extreme, although he lacks the bitterness of Strakhov, while George Moore's attitude may be described as negative with a dash of smug superficiality. And last, but by no means least, we have Freud's explanation by means of the "Oedipus Complex."

After all this welter of contradiction it is refreshing to open Professor Janko Lavrin's study and find a real attempt to give a scholarly and unbiased picture of Dostoevsky as man, artist and psychologist, as well as a careful analysis of the themes of his novels. Distinguishing between the "Christian and national" element of his writings and what Mirsky has described as the profound Jobean and Promethean questioner of the main great novels whose only peers in modern times are Pascal and Nietzsche, Lavrin, having accomplished his analysis, proceeds towards a synthesis which would seem to be the most satisfying method yet

discovered for writing a study of what for want of a better term may be called the Dostoevskian *Weltanschauung*; one feels in every page that here is a man fully conversant with every aspect of Dostoevsky and familiar with everything he ever wrote in his own language; one who has completely escaped having to depend upon the work of translators; one uninfluenced by critics who have neither read nor heard a word of Russian.

He begins by describing Dostoevsky's childhood and adolescence in Moscow and his subsequent stay in Petersburg, and shows the influence this had on his novels, giving them even that rapid pace so different from the leisurely tempo of Tolstoy, Turgenev or Goncharov. Dostoevsky was the first European novelist to explore the unconscious and annex it wholesale to modern literature. Only an author capable of projecting his own inner chaos and travail into living characters, in order to achieve a kind of *katharsis*, could have written as he did. Just as life dominates Tolstoy so the soul dominates Dostoevsky. Virginia Woolf has described his novels as seething whirlpools, gyrating sandstorms, waterspouts which hiss and boil and suck us in. In order to comprehend him Lavrin maintains one must take into consideration the three planes which he usually intermingles. The first he calls the plane of *byt*, and explains that *byt* is an untranslatable Russian word which means the manners together with the entire social atmosphere of a class or a period. The second is the purely psychological plane. And the third is that where psychology passes into the sphere of spiritual experience and valuations. In discussing the importance of these planes he deals with the complicated plots and the discrepancy between the external, astronomical and the inner psychic time which is so conspicuous in some of his works. This accelerated time-experience, a usual feature of dreams, is the exact reverse of the experiments of Proust, who, instead of accelerating, has slowed time down.

"I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, or even of mortal flesh; it is my spirit that addresses your spirit, just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal—as we are!" These words spoken by Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, express what Dostoevsky's books do. He wrote of the tragedy of life and of the soul, and to do this he chose circumstances which Maurice Baring compares with those that unhinged the reason of Lear, shook that of Hamlet and made Ædipus blind himself. Unlike Tolstoy he was catholic and cosmopolitan and admired the literature of other countries—Racine as well as Shakespeare, Molière as well as Schiller—and his influence on modern world literature has been enormous, greater even than that of Tolstoy. Such widely different authors as Nietzsche and Bourget, Hauptmann and d'Annunzio, André Gide and the German expressionists are steeped in his influence; and in England D. H. Lawrence, who fumed at the great Russian, is nearer to him in his cult of the irrational than any other English author. All this and also his influence on modern Russian writing is exhaustively dealt with by Lavrin.

There is also some very fine criticism in the book. One of the best bits is that on Nastasya in *The Idiot*,—Lavrin deals with this character again and again—and on Raskolnikov, the hero of *Crime and Punishment*. While drawing a very living picture of this would-be *Übermensch* he does not treat as worthy of consideration the resemblance to Balzac's Rastignac in *Le Père Goriot*, or to Lucien de Rubempré in *Les Illusions Perdues*. He does show, however, with the aid

of many cross-references and comparisons, that Dostoevsky's main characters are people who degrade and humiliate themselves "craving for self-castigation," and analyses brilliantly his attitude of preying upon life, showing up its squalor and meanness rather after the manner of Dickens, and one gets the feeling from what Lavrin says that Dostoevsky was enjoying his own *Weltschmerz*. "Did not Dostoevsky often invent the greatest torments for his characters that he might shed tears of pity over them?" asks Lavrin, while, almost in the same breath stating that pity is often but cruelty turned inside out, and—in contrast to love—is equally devoid of respect.

A Raw Youth and *The Brothers Karamazov* have got special chapters devoted to them. Among Dostoevsky's five great novels *A Raw Youth* stands somewhat apart. It is rather difficult to classify, and Lavrin very wisely does not attempt a classification apart from saying that it resembles the type of the *Bildungsroman* in so far as it unfolds the inner growth and changes in a youth during his formative period. But in contrast to Goethe's harmonious *Wilhelm Meister* or Gottfried Keller's idyllic *Grüne Heinrich*, *A Raw Youth* is a dynamic agitation. Incidentally it makes especially interesting reading to-day because of its views on Europe and on Russia.

The Brothers Karamazov represents not only the apex of Dostoevsky's art and thought, but also his final vision of existence. The spiritual backbone of the novel is the conflict, or the incompatibility, as Lavrin calls it, of the two truths and valuations of life; the truth of Ivan and the truth of Zosima. It was through these two characters that Dostoevsky now voiced his own final secrets and ideas, transformed by his art. In developing the theme of Ivan, Lavrin presents him as a new aspect of the dilemma which Stavrogin in *The Possessed* tried to forget by experimenting in horrors, and from which Raskolnikov fled as from a plague. Unlike Stavrogin, Ivan admits the existence of God, but he cannot reconcile the universal suffering, the beastliness of man, the evil and mockery of life with the conception of a wise and just God. For him social justice is, or ought to be, a part of the metaphysical problem of justice. This intense spiritual drama is remarkably well analysed by Lavrin, especially Ivan's delirious talk with the devil: "a colossal figure in comparison with which even Goethe's Mephistopheles looks like a naughty scamp who has read Voltaire."

In discussing the legend of The Grand Inquisitor he shows how the problems presented cease to be personal and are projected upon humanity as a whole, embodying the fate of mankind weighed down by the problems of Value and of the free choice between good and evil; and one gets a very good idea of the mighty struggle of a man whose divided consciousness is unable to side either with Christ or His opposite. Lavrin goes to the core of the whole matter when he emphasises that the originality and depth of the legend consists in the fact that both Christ and His "double" meet as equals, anxious to help and save humanity. Who can fail to be moved by the Inquisitor's cry, "We have corrected Thy work and have founded it upon *miracle, mystery and authority*. And men rejoiced that they were again led like sheep, and that the terrible gift that had brought them such suffering was, at last, lifted from their hearts. Were we right in teaching them this? . . . Did we not love mankind, so meekly acknowledging their feebleness, lovingly lightening their burden, and permitting their weak nature even to sin with our sanction?" The Grand Inquisitor utterly denies

Christ's gift of inner freedom, he is pictured by Lavrin as a saint and a martyr without faith, which intensifies his tragedy. On whose side is truth? Is it on the side of Christ or of His double? Having found no answer in Ivan, Dostoevsky looked for it in another direction and thus created the figure of Father Zosima.

In his struggle to find the ultimate meaning of life Dostoevsky refused to accept easily gained truth and experience, he always preferred to face the most dangerous consequences rather than stop half way. Having striven all his life in order to unravel the riddle of man, he knew the price required by such a task. In Lavrin's study one gets some idea of just how big that price was. He has written a history, not of Dostoevsky's outer but of his inner life, conveying the force of his writing and the depth of his psychical knowledge, which was better than, or at least as good as Freud's. The legend of The Grand Inquisitor, indeed the whole book, makes one want to go and read or re-read Dostoevsky, which, after all, is precisely what a book of this kind should do.

RONALD ANDERSON.

INTERTRAFFIC : STUDIES IN TRANSLATION. By E. S. Bates. Cape. 8s. 6d.

Curiosity and an eager desire for information are characteristics of modern American life. As a consequence, most of the translations of contemporary European literature come from the United States and not from England. In Victorian days, when French literature was regarded as immoral, many French novels were translated surreptitiously and published by obscure firms. English self-complacency and insularity are shown by the fact that translators are still ill-paid and ill-chosen. It is only within comparatively recent years that a conscientious and high standard have been set by translators such as Constance Garnett, Scott Moncrief and the Muirs.

The title of these new studies by Mr. E. S. Bates indicates the importance of translations. But the title is scarcely appropriate to this book, for Mr. Bates limits his discussion to translations of ancient authors by modern writers. Translation in English literature no longer reflects any living curiosity in the poetry or prose of other countries. It is conditioned by fashions, fads and historical causes. When Spain, for example, disappeared from the political world of great empires, English interest in her literature rapidly declined. The new school of Spanish poetry, which arose in the 'nineties, has been completely ignored by English translators.

Mr. Bates deals mainly with modern translations from ancient Greek. Translations of Homer, for instance, have been a habit in England for centuries—in fact, one of those English eccentricities which amaze the foreigner. It was not surprising that Colonel Lawrence, man of action and English eccentric, should spend his leisure hours tinkering at a translation of the *Odyssey*. This constant vying and not too serious rivalry between poets and scholars have resulted in a constant stream of translations which have considerably influenced English literature. Against the gentlemanly and professorial influence there have always been timely rebels. Mr. Bates pays a lengthy tribute to the inspired translation of Plotinus by Stephen MacKenna, a translation in which the Irish critic waged war against what he called the "Verrall-Jebb-pseudo-grand-days-of-yore-ish sham."

Mr. Bates devotes a chapter to the Chinese translations of Arthur Waley and others. But he appears to have overlooked the pioneer work of John Francis Davis in the 'thirties of the last century. Separate chapters are devoted to the work of translators in Italy and other countries. But within the confines of a short book these studies of foreign translations are necessarily brief and tentative.

M. D.

CARMINA DUBLINENSIA. By Sir Robert William Tate. Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin, 1943.

"The advocates of Greek and Latin Verse composition," writes Sir Robert in his introduction, "do not demand that their students should be poets; what we do demand is that our students should gain some acquaintance with the technical side of poetry." Is it possible to fasten a quarrel on so moderate and sensible a plea? So long as Homer and the Greek dramatists, so long as Virgil, Horace and Ovid are worth studying at all, it will be worth while to study their technique. It is to be hoped that Sir Robert will be listened to. It would be an injury to classical scholarship if the art which he has cultivated with such patient and happy skill should be neglected.

Of Sir Robert's skill in his craft the first page, with its Euripidean version of Shakespeare and its Ovidian version of Pope, affords convincing proof. The proof is repeated on every subsequent page of the volume which, technically speaking, is of a rare flawlessness. But there is more than this. Some of the problems Sir Robert has set himself demand that the translator too, should catch some of the inspiration of the original author. Taste and feeling must attend the bold versifier who chooses for his quarry the Earl of Rochester's

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.

But Sir Robert has brought the quarry down:—

Illecebris rigidi nil non mea Delia mollit;
Vulnera dant veneres blanditiaque necem.
Docta cupidineos oculis inspirat honores,
Et iubet impressis labra calere labris.

Unfortunately not all the passages against which Sir Robert has levelled his art are of so high a standard. As an English anthology the volume is of uneven quality. Not every version therefore gives the same pleasure. One delights in the fine rendering of Bunyan's classic lines

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride.
Ne timeat fastum qui scit se parva decere;
Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat.

The equally studied and ingenious version of such a sickly sentimentality as K. Glen's

Sometimes between long shadows on the grass
does not yield the same satisfaction.

If Sir Robert appears to be unaware that here and there he is wasting his skill on inferior originals, he anticipates criticism for an experiment of another kind—that is, the attempt to render poems containing “modern ideas so entirely different from those of the ancients that many passages would, when translated, have no meaning for a Greek or a Roman.” The best example of his work in this kind is his rendering of Newbolt’s

There’s a breathless hush in the close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win.

Sir Robert contends that those who criticise the choice of such passages are guilty of an evasion. They call such passages unsuitable when they mean they are too hard. By his brilliant success with Newbolt’s poem Sir Robert makes good his riposte.

Longfellow’s

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations
That is known as the children’s hour

presents a different type of problem. Its mood of tender playfulness is rare in Latin. Perhaps it may be said to have evaporated here and there in the version.

They almost devour me with kisses

cries daddy Longfellow of the raiding children. *Maturer*, more Swinburnian joys, seem to be implied by—

Corripiunt avidis oscula mille labris.

Be that as it may, however, there is no gainsaying the perfection in its own kind of the following:

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?
*Quae violas oculis, praedatrix turma, refertis,
Confiteor murum vos superasse meum;
Confiteor plures, tamen haec barbata senectus
Aequabit vestris viribus una suas.*

Here we salute the master’s hand. Sir Robert’s versions will be long remembered. They will take their place among the best of their kind. His pupils will cherish this volume. *Plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.*

B. FARRINGTON, Swansea.

THE HONEYSUCKLE HEDGE. By Shiela Steen. Oxford University Press. 5s.

The title of this first book of poems is taken from a leisurely page of Isaac Walton, “But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! towards yonder honeysuckle hedge; there we’ll sit and sing.” The quotation is not, perhaps, completely appropriate, for Miss Steen’s poems have an energy and imaginative force that could not be described as quietly pastoral. Her lines, for example,

in memory of W. B. Yeats, English rather than Irish in their traditional associations, have an unmistakeable individual energy that is characteristic of her style.

Where, then, his bronzy peat-stacks,
His pools of peony,
His speedwell-sprinkled leat-tracks—
Thorn, and thatch, and wall,
Shippon, well, and stall—
Surely, oh surely, within call?
Wet mists and quagmires shaking,
And the bleating soft flocks making
Echoes round the lough-shore's rose-enclosing
Circle of fallow fields,
His legendary shields,
His ancient pyx and orle ?

This mixture of richness and sparseness will be found throughout the book. Many of the subjects which have inspired her work are out-of-the-way : a passage from the *Journal of Delacroix*, a strange and echoing native word from African forests, an episode from the adventures of an early traveller in Persia. But some of the poems deal with public events and recent catastrophes. Here it seems to me Miss Steen encounters difficulties and has not faced the poetic problem involved in the use of such themes. Although one may not share W. B. Yeats's view of war poetry, one is confronted by the fact that in this century moods of heroism require some new form of re-statement. The eloquent manner established by Thomas Campbell and others is a doubtful prop.

The first two poems in this book, *An Evening in Carmarthenshire*, and *Lyric*, appeared originally in the DUBLIN MAGAZINE, and both poems, in different ways, illustrate the best qualities to be found in *The Honeysuckle Hedge*. The Welsh poem is direct and precise in its imagery, though suggestive in its total effect; the *Lyric* might be described as an exercise in overtones.

And league by league where pinewoods reach
And blowing snow and whining beach
Are clapped in clamour each to each
Great voices on the gale beseech.

Allow the Viking shades their sea,
Their shearing blades—and leave to me
Sweden's white Boulder, and her Tree
Of emerald colder than January.

I am not acquainted with the symbolism used in the last stanza ; perhaps it is completely imaginary, but the lines have a haunting musical quality that remains in the mind.

Miss Steen has a remarkable gift for lyric narration, though she complicates the narration in a Rossetti way. "*He sat on a Red Chair . . .*" and *Abyssus*

Abyssum Invocat should find their way into anthologies. The latter is written in a vigorous and elaborate stanza, in which the far-flung final rhyme intensifies the speed.

In half a bow-shot from the sea
Stands a house of timber,
With carven columns tall and three—
(Call forth the camel-men : for we
Shall meet this vessel riding).

The pomecitrons and the pools
Round the Persian castle
Divert the prophets and the fools.
(Have care, my bride, that white wine cools
For these strange guests abiding).

It is evident that Miss Steen needs the ritualism of poetic speech, but as yet she does not always distinguish between the texture and the trappings. Because of her rare gift, I hope that she will eventually banish inversions and the lesser poetic auxiliaries from her work. There is so much imaginative certainty in this collection that one is inclined to forget that it is a first book by a young writer.

AUSTIN CLARKE.

SELECTED POEMS OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA. Translated by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. The New Hogarth Library. 3s. 6d. net.

Federico Garcia Lorca was born at the end of the nineteenth century and just as the date of his birth is uncertain, so is the exact manner of his death. He was assassinated during the Spanish Civil War. His poet friend Alberti, roughly translated, says "Your veiled voice, through other voices, is heard in our war. But that which resounds loudest is your blood. It cries to us with all its lungs, it rises continuously like an immense fist in accusation and protest . . . We cannot imagine you in front of a firing squad. They took you out at dawn. Some say it was in the cemetery. Others that it was on the road. Who could have foretold that that same Civil Guard of your ballads would assassinate you at dawn in the suburbs of your own Granada!" To Spender Lorca's political crime was being the poet most loved by the people, and the Cuban Nicolas Guillen voices the same idea in the introduction to his poem "Federico" translated by Lloyd Mallan. It runs :

"Federico Garcia Lorca
poet of the gypsies of
Granada and Andalusia ;
greatest poet of modern
Spain : died one August
night before the fascist
rifles. His crime : he was
a people's poet . . ."

Lorca throughout his life was preoccupied with death unannealed by the hope of resurrection. For him man conquers death only by the manner of his dying. His friend the bull-fighter Ignacio Sánchez Mejías came back from retirement to challenge death and died dauntlessly in the bull ring, but once dead

"A coffin on wheels is his bed
at five in the afternoon.
 Bones and flutes resound in his ears
at five in the afternoon.
 Now the bull was bellowing inside his forehead
at five in the afternoon.
 The room was iridescent with agony
at five in the afternoon.
 From far-off the gangerene is now coming
at five in the afternoon.
 Lily-trumpet around his green loins
at five in the afternoon."

And towards the end of the poem he laments

"Nobody knows you. No. But I sing of you.
 For posterity I sing of your profile and grace.
 Of the signal maturity of your understanding.
 Of your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth.
 Of the sadness of your once valiant gaiety."

The last two quotations are from Spender's very fine translations of the poet's work.

There are two schools of thought on translation—the Renaissance attitude that the end result is all that matters—so long as a poem emerges Phoenix-like the ashes of the original can be disregarded. This method has had outstanding successes. Amongst its more vulgar failures are Lockhart's English versions of the Spanish ballads, interlarded as they are with prosy moralisings, entirely alien to the originals. The second school is concerned with presenting the essential quality of the original as closely as possible. This art of disciplined imagination is apt to be somewhat patronisingly dismissed as "faithful" by those who know nothing of the difficulties and delights of translation. As John Peale Bishop rightly says: "Translation . . . is a test, I believe, which tries less the knowledge of the foreign speech than of our own. The limits of English cannot be accurately determined until we have ventured beyond its borders."

Spender belongs to the modern school of thought, and in this small book a poet holds up the mirror of his flawless English and gives us a perfect reproduction of the Spanish Lorca. What neither he nor any other translator can give us is Lorca's rich background of associations of scents and sounds and colours. To the northern mind these things must remain exotic or at best nostalgic memories—the fig trees, the small white snails, the *sombra y sol* of the bull ring, the city of Granada, whose very name is an incantation. For these there are no equivalents.

ETHNA MACCARTHY.

THE DESIRE TO PLEASE. By Harold Nicholson. Constable. 15s.

This is a bright and appreciable addition to the bibliography relating to the highly conflicting events which culminated in 1798. It contains some hitherto unpublished matter about the author's great-great-grandfather, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, but nothing to sustain the suggestion that he was a man of character more complex or more strangely irresolute than generally he is supposed to have been. After so long a lapse of time it is difficult to analyse anew the motives of one who was so remarkably reticent. It was not characteristic of Rowan to undertake the "apparently pointless and ineffective expedition," to Edinburgh, to exact satisfaction for an affront, only to come back "triumphant" with the curt rebuff that his traducer did not consider himself accountable to any person. That the visit had a political significance is shown by the jubilation with which his compatriots welcomed his return; but regarding the personal matter—the meeting of Rowan and Simon Butler with Dundas—a reasonable surmise is that whatever transpired was kept secret between honourable men. To recount the episode in the spirit of Kay's Caricature is to portray Rowan as a mountebank, which he was not. Can we believe that Rowan was not at first wholeheartedly enthusiastic in the movement, and that irresponsibly he just drifted up to leadership? These are not new theories; but where is there anything to validate them? The ramifications of the movement were innumerable associations, ranging from "constitutionalism" to militarism, each having its separate ostensible spiritual or social aim and all working towards collective national achievement; consequently the suspicions and doubts bred by this diversity of declared interests constituted a weakness which at any time might have brought about the piecemeal break-up of the movement. At no other period in Ireland's struggle were spies and informers and provocative agents more numerous and active, and yet the Government were unaware of that weakness until the courtmartial and State trials, in 1798, when upwards of eighty members gave information of transactions that had passed between the United Irishmen. In that atmosphere of doubts and suspicion Rowan was the prominent founder and Secretary of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, to the declared purpose of which the signatories applied a wide liberal meaning. Four of its ten founders suffered execution, two were transported, and Rowan after trial and conviction made the adventurous escape which Mr. Nicholson describes so graphically.

Coming as a man unknown, scion of a family with two hundred years' record as "Government-men," Rowan at first, and naturally enough, was open to the suspicions of his new associates. But their suspicions were short-lived. Tone's doubts about the wisdom of revealing his plans to Rowan were sustained not by mistrust, but by a generous unwillingness to say anything that might prompt a conscientious man to act beyond the let of his reasoning. Exile removed the isolationist leader before the testing time came, and Mr. Nicholson does not speculate about his probable actions or their success or failure. A general belief is that he would have relied on sections of the Volunteers and Yeomanry to support the Brotherhoods and so keep the fight, if fight there must be, a wholly national one. Tone was committed to foreign intervention, and the upshot of his policy is undoubtable; the expeditionary force sent was a token one, sufficient only to make a "diversion," but—and this was the reaction that may have been for-

seen by Rowan, but was not by Tone—its arrival took from the Irish any appreciable support they might have had from Yeomanry, who kept their pledge to resist the foreign invader.

The author is not perplexed by what Rowan did, but wonders why he did it. Half-a-dozen motives are suggested, and "the problem remains"; yet, in this book the diligent reader may find the answer—that greater love that spurs a forthright man to defend the weak and oppressed. Sentimentalists may think that Mr. Nicholson is unkindly in his analysis of his distinguished forbear and that to others, who, like Tandy and Tone, are less than kin, he is rather more unkind. However, the biographer does not strain the quality of truth with extravagancy of sympathy; and, after all, not even during his trial did Rowan deign to justify himself; Tandy would not have denied his partiality to the brandy-bottle, and as for Tone's death—well, "Cato's" was an honourable exit.

Anticipating further editions of this finely produced work, the following *corrigenda* are suggested: In p. 80, line 5, read "1788" for "1708"; p. 99, par. 2, l. 2, read "1792" for "1793"; p. 109, par. 2, l. 4, read "January 29" for "January 19"; p. 113, l. 3, read "February" for "September" (Rowan had escaped in May, *vide* the correct chapter heading in p. 128); p. 117, l. 12, read "this" for "his"; p. 129, par. 3, l. 12, read "No. 1 Lower Dominick Street"; p. 183, l. 11, read "Newgate" for "Kilmainham"; p. 185, l. 16, the title of the Shelley pamphlet is: "*Proposals for an Association of those Philanthropists who convinced of the Moral and Political State of Ireland to produce benefits which are nevertheless attainable are willing to unite to accomplish its regeneration*" (Dublin: Printed by I. Eton, Winetavern Street, March 1812).

J. R. H.

THE WAY OF THE LAND. By Sir George Stapledon. Faber. 12 6.

Sir George Stapledon is in the foremost position as an Agricultural Scientist, and this volume of collected essays and lectures presents many of his valuable ideas in a direct and brief form. Inevitably, a man of science and a lover of nature whose life had been intimately connected with the land and the men who work it, reaches general conclusions on life. In the first part of his book Sir George gives his conclusions under the Heading "Point of View." Out of his experience and thoughtfulness he recognises certain principles. These, of course, are more directly arrived at through pure philosophy, and the second part of the book, dealing with "Rural England" is more in the author's sphere and for that reason more valuable. Here we have all the agricultural issues of to-day and of to-morrow, raised and dealt with by a lover of the land and an expert in its use. First of all the author believes in the future of agriculture, and rightly so, for agriculture is more to a nation than a source of food. An industrious, enlightened and prosperous agricultural community is essential to the security and balance of any nation. Common sense, grace and a sense of beauty cannot be altogether absent in a community of which a section is fully occupied in working the land. If the pre-war view of some writers that farming at this stage of the world's development had become an uneconomic full-time occupation and must now be regarded as a sideline of industry or some other urban activity, were established, the creations of man would overbalance human activity to the detriment of the nation.

However, if it is to hold its place, agriculture must be put in an independent position, and made as attractive as any other form of activity. Men born on the land usually have a natural instinct and love for the land, though they often do not realise that until they get to the cities. When they are tempted by the prospects of urban life they weigh the remuneration and amenities offered and leave out their instincts and emotions, and on this adjustment of the scales agriculture has little chance. To correct this Sir George requires that housing conditions—hot and cold water, electric light, sanitary accommodation, etc., and wages be given on a scale equal to those offered to urban people. He says "there is no hope for Rural Britain unless and until millions and millions of pounds are spent on farmhouses, cottages, farm buildings and upon the land itself . . ." To anyone interested in the land that makes splendid reading. For agricultural policy he recommends the largest possible number of small and medium sized farms, and the ploughing up of permanent grass lands. The latter may be regarded as the theme of that part of the book dealing with types of farming. He condemns absolutely the widespread use of permanent grass lands, and the weight of his expert opinion is thrown on the side of arable-grass farming. That, of course, is scientific farming, farming where grass, just as corn and roots, is grown under our own cultivation, instead of depending on whatever nature throws up. The plough must be taken around the farm, he states. This will mean more production, more employment, and better quality in the products.

In further support of the system, it may be added, Grass-Arable farming makes a more pleasing countryside, with the ordered variations of grass and crops, and it gives a sense of order that all the growth on a farm is part of a plan.

In Part Three the actual manner of farming is dealt with, and system is analysed down to the last blade of grass. To so many people who take buttercup and dandelion, dock and thistle to be an inevitable growth in land, the chapters in this part of the book will be a revelation, and all who read them will be stimulated by the degree of exactness farming science has attained. Even in its most technical parts the book is written in the pleasant atmosphere of country life, and it is difficult to understand how anyone would neglect the opportunity to inform himself on the land, to which we are all so close. But that is a partisan's view, for the difference between the man who follows the plough, soberly and contentedly through a lonely evening, with none but the wheeling gulls in his wake for company, and the man who works a machine and seeks the sidewalks of the city, extends up through society.

Those who read this book will find it interesting and instructive.

WILLIAM WALSH.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE GOLDEN APPLES. By Ernest Reynolds. Heffer.
7/6 net.

Opening his preface to "Mephistopheles and the Golden Apples," which is described as a "fantastic symphony in seven movements," the author writes: "It has always been an accepted idea that men will sell themselves to the Devil for money and power, but less attention seems to have been paid to the more subtle forms of Satanic compact in which the contractors subconsciously

acquiesce in parting with their souls for various forms of culture. Such attempts as there have been to grapple with the question have flowered in spasmodic and strangely assorted forms . . ." This seems to promise some serious attempt to deal with the first and last states of a man who rejects social responsibilities and human affection for the pleasures of an Ivory Tower. But in fact, no such attempt is made, nor is the promise of dramatic treatment fulfilled, for most of the legend or history with which the Devil rewards his victim is presented, not dramatically, but through the mouth of some agent in narrative. Mr. Reynolds selects a University professor, Guntram; for his Faust, who in a rage with a world of

" Damnable slaughterers,
Medalled murderers,
Titled torturers,
Knighted butchers. . . "

agrees to give his soul to Mephistopheles in return for " the keys that will weave magic tapestries thick in my brain " and " the fierce constantly burning Fire-circled elixir-banquet of learning." The opening scene is thick with owls, witches, goblins, angels, striking clocks and ringing bells, but all the appurtenances of mystery and terror bring no faint hint of the magic of " When shall we three meet again ? " Indeed it is hard to say how much is intentional burlesque, and the same uncertainty arises again and again in the whole " Fantastic symphony." The items chosen by Mephistopheles for the delectation of his victim are certainly varied—" Scheherazade," " The Snow Queen," " Merlin at Tintagel," " Tristram and Iseult," " Pique Dame " (murder of the Queen of Spades with echoes of " Macbeth ") and others. In the " Festival of Literary Ghosts " Swinburne, Baudelaire, Rossetti, Hopkins, D. H. Lawrence, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, Verlaine, Samain, Beddoes and Edward Lear imitate the living writers in a way that makes one fear death greatly. Poor Swinburne, for instance, begins:—

" Red is the clashing of gongs, of the gongs that are bronze and of gold,
And green are the glistening fangs of the dragons that writhe and that croon,
And the shrine of the lantern-maiden with the lips that are pale and as cold
As the death of a swan-dream, or the sigh of a mermaid's swoon,"

while Verlaine announces :

" Now through the poppies
The fawn mind copies
The trills and quivers
From lakes and rivers
Where dream the fishes
With fin-golden wishes. . . "

The best thing about " Mephistopheles and the Golden Apples " is the author's obvious enjoyment of his own eloquence. The whole thing is done at a terrific pace, but poetry is not got by this frenzied heaping of metaphor on metaphor without regard to consistency or natural truth, however passionate or sensuous the words:

" Till on my burning lips thy kisses rain
As stars all clustered round the golden moon."

Flying over Paris, Mephistopheles asks : "How do you find these brain journeys, monseigneur?" To which Guntram very sensibly replies: "Well enough, I grant you, for an uncrackable brain. But . . . I am cloyed with this perpetual tinsel pantomime dancing across my brain till my head feels like a magic lantern stuffed with assorted slides." Indeed it is a relief to drop into the comparative quiet of "Crosses for the Queen," parts of which seem to have been written with T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" in mind. In the end Guntram wakes up in Christ Church Cathedral to realise that he has "stained the white garment of his mind with intoxicating juices from the devil's own kitchen." Mephistopheles retreats before the light of the sun amid "a tremendous noise of the hissing of snakes and the whirring of wings and the croaking of toads," while "the air becomes filled with a vast cloud of vampires, witches, bats, serpents, etc." The cloud of monsters sinks into the earth "with a roar like the explosion of an arsenal" and the sun is left to sing a song of triumph which concludes :

"I am the Golden Father,
Prince of the sand and the sea,
And I blaze and burn in eternal flame
To God who created Me."

W. P. M.

THE CORRIB COUNTRY. By Richard Hayward. Illustrated by J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A. Dundalk : Dundalgan Press. 15/- nett.

War, with its iron-shod hoof, still presses on human attempts to express the things of ordinary life, but the human spirit will insist on mentioning other subjects, dwelling on normal happenings, shortening the journey towards sanity, by a little story, or a long tale, with a laugh at the end of them. Richard Hayward, in this charmingly-produced book, keeps his readers beguiled into the past, and intent on the ever-changing moods in which he leads them through the Corrib country. And it is a wide land filled with memories of gods and men, and bearing the name of that great one—Orbsen, better known as Manannan Mac Lir, of the boundless deep, the master magician, half-revealed in its broken and Englished form—Corrib. And you could not have a better shanachy to tell of it than is Richard Hayward.

A great chronicle this and guide, as well for all who are considering making a visit to the West, as for those who have already become familiar with some of its magical charm. We all have, in our lives, doorways, each opening out on to a journey we have in mind, to make "some day," and we leave them ajar, until opportunity shall peep in and give us a smiling "Come along !"

Here, in these pages, is a rippling stream of easy-flowing gossip of persons and places and things, and unless some outer distraction breaks in upon us, we could easily be lured into following along with Richard and his newsy fellow-strollers, from out to home again, without pause, on this trip over and around lakes, and by islands, into mysterious nooks of an enchanted countryside, a realm of water and the Moon and magic.

The imagination is helped by a goodly number of delicate wash drawings by J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A., and the magic—or some of it—is in them too. A small boy, of four years only, was looking at one view of still water near Maam, and he told me that there was a man swimming beneath that water. “and he’s kickin’ his legs about and splashin’” I couldn’t see it, but he could.

Owing to adverse conditions we cannot say a tithe of what should and could be said of this book, but, there could hardly be a happier grouping of contributors to its success, than are combined in the writer, his artist, and their publisher, Mr. Harry Tempest of the Dundalgan Press. A book which no lover of wild Ireland should be without.

A. K.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Alex. Comfort. Grey Walls Press, Billerclay, Essex.
THESE—OUR CHILDREN. By Anthony Richardson.

Alex. Comfort’s short miracle play for broadcasting or playing without a stage reads most attractively. The scene is an inn where a group of refugees is overtaken by the advance unit of an invading army. The shelterers in the inn are types rather than people, as is right and necessary in such a piece—the defeated General, the Business Man, the Student, the Priest, the Professor and others—but the effect of their speech and behaviour in reaction to catastrophe carries conviction of the inherent courage and decency of men when touched to sympathy by common suffering. A child is born in the inn, with the Student acting as doctor and a young girl as nurse, while the General is sent to milk a cow and the Priest fetches a jug of cocoa. The child is christened and receives gifts, real or metaphorical, and then there arrives an officer of the invading army, threatening and brutal. In spite of protests he insists on going in to the mother and child. There is a period of suspense in the expectation of some brutal deed but, instead, the officer is found to be kneeling on the ground playing with the child. He, too, leaves a gift. There are some fine dramatic moments in the piece and a reading of it suggests that, in playing, it would set the skin prickling with excitement—as when (while Marishka is telling her husband Josef that “His name is Jascha . . .”) the Professor whispers to the General: “I’m scared. I don’t like this . . . I swear I’ve heard and seen all this before somewhere.”

“These—Our Children” is the second book of verses for the Royal Air Force by Anthony Richardson, the novelist. Mr. Richardson is an officer of the R.A.F. and his verse, like that of most soldiers, is free of the patriotic bombast and the hymns of hate which make so much war-time poetry unreadable. The inspiration and theme of the book is the affection of a middle aged officer for the gay and gallant youngsters among whom he works. It may be said that Mr. Richardson has succeeded in what he set out to do, for the book does create and leave in the reader something of his own love and pity and admiration. It is not great poetry; but it is simple and direct and sensitive and, at times, subtly perceptive. He uses service slang skilfully to create pathos by contrast

between surface gaiety and never-distant death and pain. He can be critical, too, of his heroes as in "Admonition." The last verse of "Ground Crew" is fairly typical of the simpler poems :

"And as they land, his little shape is plain
Waving thin arms to guide them safely in,
And they will see his ever-widening grin,
Since twelve went out and twelve are back again."

W. P. M.

NEW WRITING AND DAYLIGHT. Summer 1943. The Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Lehmann, the editor of "New Writing," has a great gift for sifting the most significant and vital of modern writers, from the too prevalent crowd who endeavour to veil with wilful obscurity and eccentricity their essential lack of talent. This number contains work by established writers, and those not so well known, and many nationalities are represented. Taking the poetry first, the "Two Poems in Defeat" by the most exciting poet the war has produced, the Frenchman, Louis Aragon, are adequately translated by Louis McNeice, and are emotionally moving, romantic and touched with genius. Besides Aragon's there are many long poems included, which is a hopeful sign, for a good long poem requires more sustained poetic impulse and technical effort, and is in this way a test. The poems of both Alun Lewis and Terence Tiller are more purely imaginative than the "Two American Poems" of May Sarton, though these are vivid and atmospheric descriptive pieces, as is "Song for Cornwall," by Peter Hewitt, which possesses all the bright visual charm of an impressionist painting.

The critical essays by Raymond Mortimer, Demetrios Capetanakis and Henry Reed are all three stimulating. Raymond Mortimer writes on "French Writers and the War," about which he knows as much as any living English writer, and the article is written in a style remarkable for its subtlety and grace. Of Bernanos, whom he considers one of the greatest prose writers, he says "He uses language like a flame-thrower, and his powers of expression are equal to the prodigious strength of his feelings." Raymond Mortimer also makes the interesting observation that everyone he has met from France recently agrees that there is a strong poetic revival of which Aragon is the chief exponent, and quotes a long poem called "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" in full, in the original French, by that poet. The other two articles deal with modern movements in English poetry and are provocative and thoughtful. Henry Reed theorises convincingly on the turgid obscurity so prevalent in modern verse. Of the stories the most original and the longest is "In the Maze" by William Sansom, terrifying in its allegorical implications. "The Apple Tree," a shorter sketch by Nikolai Tikhonov, is full of a peculiarly Russian poetic sensitivity. There are also articles on the stage and the ballet. Altogether a most distinguished and readable collection.

M. G.

IRISH SHORT STORIES. Edited by George A. Birmingham. Faber and Faber.
7s. 6d.

The collector of short stories by Irish writers is up against a fair-sized job, and must be prepared to have a few bricks hurled at his head. We are very proud of our short story writers—and so we exclaim, “Why was So-in-So left out? and So-in-So? and yet another?” Until the injustice of our own demands quietens us, and, eventually, we agree, yes—this is a good collection. A lovely story, one of exceptional beauty by the young Belfast writer, Michael McLaverty, would alone make the book worth having, and “The Builder,” by Seumas O’Kelly is a thing to delight any sensitive reader. Edmund Downey’s tale is told with his own racy, inimitable style. Somerville and Martin Ross are represented, while other names that stand out are W. B. Yeats, St. J. Ervine, Frank O’Connor, Donagh MacDonagh.

T. D.

INDIAN POLITICS—1936-1942. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press.
Sir Humphrey Milford. 7s. 6d.

This is Part II of the Report on the Constitutional Problem in India, and is an extensive survey of the question as it stood at the end of last year. This volume embraces too, a vast summary of Part I of the same report for the benefit of those who may not have been able to procure the earlier edition. It embraces Chapters on the Non-Congress Governments in the various provinces and states, and on the character and policy of the Congress; on law and order and social policy; on the impact of war; the political deadlock; the Cripps mission and the Gandhi Rebellion, and an appendix giving the Constitution of the Indian National Congress, together with maps and diagrams dealing with populations and communities and provincial elections and governments.

It is unnecessary to say that every page of the 344 in the report will be studied with interest by students of Indian affairs.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI. Drawing by W. H. Conn. Poem by John Irvine. (Printed for Gerry Morrow at the Sign of the Three Candles. 2/6).

This broadsheet has been very beautifully produced by the Three Candles Press. The fine pen-and-ink drawing, not greatly reduced from the original, depicts a skeleton with chain mail rotting on its bones, seated among ruined columns and drifts of sand, with a great sword across its knees. The subject and symbols are conventional enough, but the drawing is most interesting in the variety of texture achieved and its excellent composition. The eerie moonlit atmosphere is finely suggested as those who know Mr. Conn’s work will expect. For this broadsheet John Irvine undertook the difficult task of making a poem to fit a drawing already in existence. He has succeeded admirably by attempting nothing that would stand out from the quietude of the picture. Within the limits set him he has made a pleasing set of verses, touching the theme with his own melancholy delicacy. An excellent collaboration.

W. P. M.

